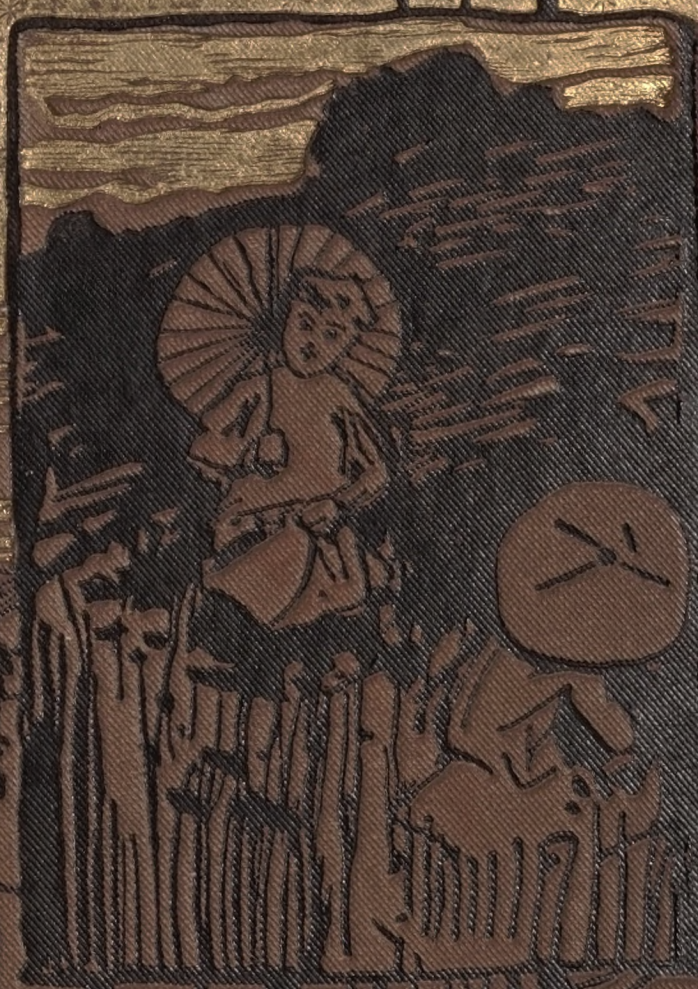


PEACE ISLAND
SERIES









Peace Island series

KATY'S BIRTHDAY

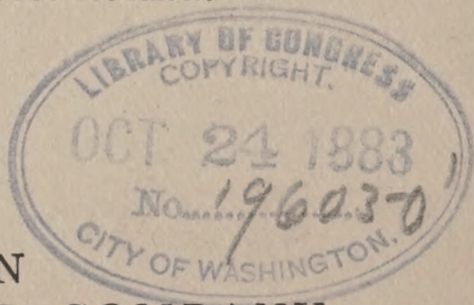


BY SARA O. JEWETT.

WITH "

OTHER STORIES BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
32 FRANKLIN STREET



[1883]

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KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

KATY was a little girl who lived in the country, and this was her ninth birthday, and she felt very old indeed. She did not wake up until later than usual that morning, and her father and Henry (the man who helped him do the farm work) had gone away early to a distant pasture to salt the cattle, so there was only her mother to make much of so great an occasion and to say anything about the birthday. But her father had left a bright ten cent piece for her, which was very kind of him, and Henry had left a little package on the shelf by the clock, and when she opened it, she found it held some candy. As for her mother's present, it was a great deal better than the others, though I am not sure that Katy thought so. It was a new speckled calico dress; Mrs. Dunley said she had never seen a prettier figure, and it was hanging over a chair all ready to be put on

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when they had finished what there was to do in the kitchen. That did not take long, for, as I have said, it was already late.

The day before had been the last day of school, and in the evening the scholars had given the teacher a surprise party at the house where she boarded, and it did not break up until after ten o'clock; but nobody had thought it was so late. Jimmy Manson, one of the big boys, had put the clock back an hour, and as for Katy — she had never been out so late in her life — it is no wonder she could not wake up next morning. She fell asleep in the wagon just before she got home, and would have gone overboard in two minutes more if Henry had not caught her. Of course she had to go right to bed, and could not tell her mother much about the party that night, but this morning she had a great deal to say, while her mother asked a question now and then as she went about her work; and she told Katy two or three times that she wished she had been there herself.

After awhile Katy put on the new dress. She did not often have a new one, and she liked this very much. Her mother said it fitted her beautifully; it

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was full large enough, but she would grow to it. She sat on the doorstep awhile, feeling very much dressed up, and as if this were a most uncommon day, being the first day of vacation and her birthday beside.

After awhile she asked her mother what she should do.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Dunley, "but you may do anything you like to-day. To-morrow you must help me in the house, for I shall be very busy. I spoke to Cynthia Downs to come and help me, but she sent word she couldn't till the first of the week. Your father's got some men coming in the morning and he's going to begin haying."

"Oh, that'll be fun," said Katy, but I am afraid she was thinking more of taking the jug of molasses and water out into the field, and playing among the hay-cocks, and getting a ride on the hay cart, than she did of the hard work in the house. She always liked haying time.

She thought about this for a time, and then began to consider what she should do with her holiday. "I've thought of two things," she said presently; "I

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don't know whether to take off this dress and put on the old brown one I tore last Saturday and you said I couldn't wear it any more, and go up the brook and make dams, or go over where father and Henry are, and ride home with them."

"They'll be home pretty soon," said her mother, "and you can have a ride then. Henry's going to the store to get some new rakes and tools they're going to use haying. I promised your father's aunt Phebe that you should spend a day with her before long and you might as well go there to-day; you can let Henry leave you there. You will have a nice time. How should you like that?"

Katy looked sorry for a minute. She was counting on playing in the brook, if the truth must be told, but she could do that any day, and she said at once that she would go to see her aunt who was a very kind old lady, and Katy was not half so much afraid of her as she was of most people whom she saw but seldom. And then it would have been a trial to take off the new dress when she had just put it on.

"You can wear your best hat too," said Mrs. Dunley, "and I want you to take aunt Phebe the rest of

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those tarts that were made for the surprise party; she likes sweet things. Marthy that lives with her is away for a week too."

Katy smiled approval; she liked sweet things herself, and she thought very likely her aunt would ask her to eat one of the tarts.

She did not have to wait long, for Henry came earlier than he was expected. Mrs. Dunley said she would drive over in the cool of the afternoon and bring Katy home, for it would be her last chance to have the horse for some time. "I suppose you will want the horse every minute for the next three weeks?" she said to Henry, and they both laughed, and he said they might be even longer haying if it rained as much as it did the last summer.

"I s'pose it's your birthday?" asked Henry, after they had started, looking down at the top of Katy's head, where the white ribbons of the best hat were bravely fluttering. "Wish you happy New Year," said he.

"Why New Year comes in the winter," answered Katy, looking up at him with great surprise.

"You're nine years old to-day, and yesterday you

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

said you weren't but eight. This is a new year, isn't it?" and Katy did not know exactly what to say, but she was sure it was not New Year day or Christmas either for that matter.

"My birthday was a week ago yesterday, and I was out of my time; tell you, I was glad," said Henry.

"Why," asked Katy, "what are you going to do?"

"Vote," answered Henry after having stopped some time to think, "and—well, a good many things; anybody likes to be out of their time. You're your own master, you know," and presently Katy plucked up courage to ask him whom his master used to be. Which only made him laugh and reach out to strike some clover heads with his whip. "You wait till you get bigger and you'll know all about it," he told her.

Katy remembered just then to thank him for the candy, and there was a piece of it left, so she offered him a bite, and then finished it herself, and wished there had been more, when Henry gave her two peppermint lozenges which he found in his pocket, and she was rich and happy again.

After driving about two miles, they came in sight of aunt Phebe's house. It stood at some distance

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

from the main road at the end of a lane, and as Henry was in a hurry, Katy got out of the wagon to walk the rest of the way, which was shady and pleasant. She went slowly along carrying the tarts carefully, and catching sometimes at the whiteweeds and snapping them off between her fingers, which she always thought great fun. She saw that the front door of the house was wide open, so she went in that way, and all of a sudden she felt very much afraid and wished she had not come. She was only a shy little girl and it was hard work for her to speak and behave herself when she met a stranger. She knocked softly with the great brass knocker as she stood on the doorstep, but nobody took any notice of it. Aunt Phebe herself was very deaf, and after waiting a minute or two Katy went into the parlor, for the door stood open, and she heard her aunt walking about up-stairs, stepping quickly as if she were in a great hurry. She is coming right down, thought the little girl, and she will see me, and seated herself on the high slippery sofa and sat there, feeling very uncomfortable with her feet a good way from the floor. She had put the plate of tarts on the table, and she meekly folded her

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

hands and waited ; it was very still, only she heard the footsteps overhead and wondered what aunt Phebe could be doing. She had a mind to go up to find out, but she did not know whether she ought to do such a thing.

There came a little gust of wind just then and blew down-stairs and through the house, and suddenly the door of the parlor began to move, and it slowly shut itself. Katy watched it, and wondered if it would bang, but it did not ; and while she was thinking about it she heard some one come across the entry and turn the key and lock her, in and before she had time to speak, she heard the front door shut also, and then she called as loud as she could and flattened her face against the window, and she saw aunt Phebe put the great door key carefully in her pocket, and walk away down the lane. Poor Katy ! she knocked on the window until she was afraid she should break it, and she shouted and ran to pound on the door, but it was all no use, for aunt Phebe was deaf as the deafest haddock that ever lived in the sea. She was dressed in her best clothes and her cap-basket was on her arm ; it was plain enough that, as often

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

happened, she was going out to spend the day.

Poor Katy! it makes me sad to think about her, for it seemed as if her heart would break. There were so many things she would have liked to do much better than to stay in that prim best room of aunt Phebe's where all the chairs were too high for her to sit on with any comfort, and there was nobody to speak to; and perhaps aunt Phebe might stay until after supper and then she would be kept there in her prison until after dark, which would be awful. She tried to push up one of the windows, but they must have been fastened down by some secret known to aunt Phebe alone, for they could not be moved, and poor Katy even went into the big fireplace to see if there were any way up the chimney; but what comfort could a glimpse of the pale sky have been, for it looked further away than ever, and the chimney looked impossible to climb, even for a poor little chimney-sweep whose melancholy history our friend had read in her Sunday-school book a week or two before. She sat down to brush the ashes off the new best dress, and she felt very dismal, for it was such a pleasant day out of doors, and her birthday too! She could hear

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

the bobolinks singing in the field next the house and the little garden looked so pleasant with the great red peonies just going out of bloom and scattering their flowers on the ground underneath until it was covered with shining crimson petals. It would have been such fun to shake the piniès, as Katy called them, and make them come to pieces faster. It would have been fun to do anything but stay there where she was. She looked at the pictures on the walls, and admired some that were worked in silk, to her heart's content. There was a fine large house in one picture with some trees round it, and a little boy dressed in blue and pink, riding a white pony at the side of a rose bush that was covered with very big red roses. Katy always had liked this picture ever since she could remember, and after all it was a great comfort that she was shut up in this room instead of the sitting-room, which would have been very stupid.

On a table at one side the room under the looking-glass, there was a great glass lamp with a globe almost as big as the moon, so our friend thought, and around it there were cut glass pendants that jingled together beautifully, while something clacked in the

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

lamp itself whenever she went near it, so at last she bethought herself to walk back and forth until she was tired out to hear the jingling, and this really used up a great deal of time. If she had only brought her doll it would have been a great satisfaction, but there was not a single thing to play with, and she did not dare to handle aunt Phebe's treasures in the best room.

I think that Katy will always laugh when she remembers how long that summer day seemed and how hard she tried to amuse herself. She picked a little bit of charred wood from the fireplace where aunt Phebe had lately had a fire to smoke out some swallows, and played hopscotch with it, using the large figures of the carpet for bounds. I am afraid her stout little shoes and her quick jumps and scuffles did not do the thin old carpet much good either, but she played by herself for a long time, and afterward she looked at every picture in the great Bible which aunt Phebe had shown her often before when she had stopped there with her father and mother on Sunday afternoons.

And presently she began to grow very hungry. It

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

seemed to her that it must be the middle of the afternoon; there had never been so long a day in her life, but it was really only a little later than her own dinner time, and she lifted the white napkin from the plate of tarts and wondered whether it would be right to eat one. She had picked the strawberries for them herself; they had been very thick that year, and her mother had made the tarts for the surprise party, but there had beent hese three left, and they did look very good indeed. They were large tarts and the crust was all flaky, for Mrs. Dunley prided herself on her cooking, and some of the pink syrup of the strawberries was leaking out on the plate, and Katy took some of it on the end of her finger, and it tasted a great deal better than it had the night before; but she covered the tarts again with the napkin, and went over to the sofa to sit down to wait, and she gave a heavy sigh. She could hear the large clock ticking out in the entry—it was half-way up the stairs on a landing, but she could hear it tick easily—and she thought how dreadful it must be to be deaf like aunt Phebe. She wondered if she could hear it thunder; and then there came an awful thought that there

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

might be a thunder shower that afternoon, for poor Katy was always frightened then; but to her relief there did not seem to be a cloud in the sky.

At last she grew so hungry that she could not resist the tarts any longer, and she was sure that aunt Phebe would forgive her, so she ate one, and it was the best tart she had ever eaten in her life; and before she could stop to think, she had eaten another, and she would liked to have had the other one too, but she did not think that would be right, and she went away to the other side of the room and sat down in the corner and cried, she was so hungry still, and lonely and tired, and to think that this was her birthday!

Luckily she soon went to sleep, and I do not know how long she was lying there on the floor with her head on a little bit of a cricket which aunt Phebe had worked many years before; but at last she heard somebody knocking at the front door—banging away with the old knocker as if they were in a great hurry; and at first she was very frightened, and thought it might be robbers, and she would go under the sofa and hide. But she heard

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

some voices that did not sound like robbers at all, and at last she dared to look out, and then she knocked on the window and called, "Mother! mother! come back and let me out!" for she was just in time to see her mother go away as aunt Phebe had done in the morning.

Mrs. Dunley was all dressed up, and looked very smiling, and some one was with her, and they both turned when they heard the raps on the window, and to Katy's great joy they hurried back at the sight of her tear-stained, anxious little face.

"Aunt Phebe did not know I was here, and she went out to spend the day and locked me in;" and poor Katy began to cry harder than ever.

Mother could not help laughing at first; but she and the stranger nodded, and said they would let her out, and went away around the corner of the house.

The stranger, who proved to be Katy's uncle, found some way of scrambling into the house, and soon the key of the parlor door was turned, in the lock and the prisoner was let free. And her

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mother gave her the other tart at once, and thought she must have been very hungry.

Aunt Phebe came home in a little while, just as they were going away, and you may be sure that she felt dreadfully about Katy's misfortunes. She had been going to spend the day with a friend, and had been promised a ride with some neighbors who were going in the same direction, if she would reach their house in good season; so she had hurried away early.

They all stayed to tea, and Katy's father came over too—as Mrs. Dunley had arranged before she left home—for Katy's uncle Dan had just come home from a long voyage at sea, and it was an occasion of great rejoicing.

Katy remembered him very well, though she was only six years old when he went away, and now she was nine that very day. Her birthday was not altogether forgotten, nor her solitary day, for everybody was very good to her. Kind aunt Phebe made her eat a great deal more than she really wanted at supper time, and kissed her and patted her on her shoulder a number of times, and asked her to come some other day to make up for that

KATY'S BIRTHDAY.

one ; and Katy said she should like to come dearly, and said to herself that she would not be afraid next time to hunt for aunt Phebe all over the house.

Uncle Dan was the merriest and kindest-hearted of sailors, and he kept them laughing half the time. He had brought aunt Phebe a work-box from the East Indies, and a funny little bright shawl to wear over her shoulders, which she was afraid looked too gay for her ; but uncle Dan shouted to her that she was growing younger every year instead of older, like other people.

And when Katy reached home that night she found a Chinese doll and a fan with funny pictures on it, and some shells and beads that had come from an island a great way off, and a book about London, and last but not least a paper of candy which uncle Dan had brought to her. And she said that after all this had been the best birthday she had ever spent.

THE HOPE WORKS.

CHAPTER I.

AUNT LUCINDA was reading her *Sunday Herald*. She had read it pretty thoroughly, the outside and the inside, and the supplement on both sides, but she hated to leave off, because then she would have to get up and begin to write some letters. She felt rather tired because little Elsie was not very well, and they had been up with her in the night.

So aunt Lucinda kept on reading her paper through her spectacles, and she came upon an advertisement something like this, down in a corner :

“FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS. Entirely fresh style dolls, ten inches tall, charming and life-tinted features; four by mail, several dresses and faces both light and dark, blue-eyed and black, for fifty cents; stamps taken.

“The Hope Works, Fair Haven, W. I.”

THE HOPE WORKS.

"Seems to me," thought aunt Lucinda, "those dolls may amuse Elsie. I think I will send for them, as they will take stamps."

So she got up and went to her Davenport, and took some scissors and cut out the advertisement, which she stuck with gum upon a sheet of paper, and then she wrote underneath :

"Please send a set to Miss Elsie Robbs. Care of Mr. Johnathan Robbs."

Then she added the right address of the street and number, and town and State.

After this aunt Lucinda counted out sixteen green three-cent stamps, and one red two-cent stamps which made, she was pretty sure, fifty cents' worth, and laid them in the note which she folded up and put in an envelope, and then stuck it together and addressed it on the outside :

"THE HOPE WORKS."

Then she began to feel pretty tired, and putting down her pen and leaning back in her high-backed

THE HOPE WORKS.

chair, she took off her spectacles and dropped asleep! A little wind came along and blew the letter out of the window, for it was a warm day, one of the first, and the window next the desk was open.

CHAPTER II.

Luckily, the wind blew the letter to the very spot where the real Hope Works is established, but it is not in Fair Haven, W. I.

It is in the county of Nobody-knows, a large, cool, green valley, well adapted for the works, which require steam power, and water power, and horse power, and man power, and women-and-little-children power, and every other kind of power that makes and moves.

Quantities of people are busy all the time hurrying about giving orders and receiving them, and mixing and stirring; for a great deal of Hope is required all the time, and it would be dreadful if the supply should give out.

Large anchors are put up over the doors, and everything is painted green everywhere. In the very

THE HOPE WORKS.

middle is a large tank where the ingredients are put to be combined ; and here the workers bring materials from all parts of the earth and air and sky, wherever they can find them of good quality : these materials are such things as prayers and tears, and kind little actions and great sacrifices ; they are good resolutions and generous lives ; legends like that of St. Elizabeth and her roses, and stories about children that might, could, would, or should have been good. Besides this foundation there has to be essence of music and sunshine, and bird-chirruping and noise of waves ; and the mixtures must be very delicately flavored, not to be too exciting, which would change it to Desire, or too flat, when it is called "Don't care," and nobody touches it.

There are different vats into which it runs when made, for after this it must be divided and the parts seasoned differently to make the different kinds of Hope that are needed.

There must be Hope for children who are sick, that they will get well ; for lost children, that they will be found ; for naughty ones, that they will grow good ;

THE HOPE WORKS.

for those who are trying hard, that they will succeed ; for those who hate arithmetic, that they will soon get through with the multiplication table ; that tired little children in town will go into the country : and a great many other such hopes. Also for grown people as well as for children ; for those that paint badly, that they will either give it up or else improve ; for those that live near hand-organs that they will go away : and so forth.

When the fluid is all prepared and separated into the vats, it undergoes a process of evaporation and crystallization which reduces its bulk and turns it to a fine glistening powder. It is now done up in packages at the "Disseminating Bureau," and sent about as needed.

CHAPTER III.

Aunt Lucinda's letter came in due time to the head secretary of the Hope Works, a little man dressed in dark green, with green spectacles and a green pen stuck over his ear. He read the letter and shook his head at first, and then spoke to his seventy-three

THE HOPE WORKS.

clerks who were sitting waiting to know what to write :

“This is not exactly in our line, but I guess we can fix it.” For the Hope Works has branch connections, which enables them to fill all sorts of orders.

CHAPTER IV.

They were having an anxious time at aunt Lucinda's, for Elsie had grown rapidly worse, with a great deal of fever and restlessness. She tossed and tossed and tossed on her bed, and did not know what she was saying. The doctor had to go away, but he said he would come back in a few hours, and he hoped meanwhile that Elsie would fall asleep.

She was lying quite still, in a sort of stupor rather than sleep, when the postman came with the letters. They were brought to aunt Lucinda, and among others was a flat package something like those Hovey sends by mail with patterns, addressed to

“MISS ELSIE ROBBS,
Care of Mr. Johnathan Robbs,”

with the name and number of the street, etc.

THE HOPE WORKS.

"I do believe it is those dolls I sent for!" exclaimed aunt Lucinda. "Poor child! she is too sick to care for them, but I will put them beside her on the bed." So she did.

From time to time as they watched the child, her breathing seemed quieter and her sleep more natural, and when the doctor came in and bent over her he spoke softly, with a greatly relieved expression:

"There is Hope!"

CHAPTER V.

When Elsie woke up her eyes had a refreshed look, and she spoke in her own bright little voice. She seemed altogether so well that they allowed themselves to amuse her by opening the package which had arrived.

And lo and behold! there came out of it two little figures, about ten inches high, but as light and delicate as air; something between a soap-bubble and fairies they seemed to be. One was blonde, the other brunette, and they were dressed alike in sparkling robes of greenish gauze, with quivering wings like

THE HOPE WORKS.

those of the dragon-flies that dart about over ponds in summer. They leaned upon little anchors, and saluted the amazed child with graceful bows and wavings of their wands. Then as she clapped her hands with delighted laughter, they floated up as bubbles and balloons do, and soared through the room to the window; and whether they broke like bubbles as they floated, or whether they vanished into the open sunset light, could not be known. But the whole room was filled with the perfume of violets and lilies-of-the-valley, and the fresh invigorating sea-weed smell that the breeze brings up from the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

The door shut with a slight noise, and aunt Lucinda started from her nap, and her spectacles slipped from her hand.

"How is Elsie?" she asked of the servant who came in.

"She is much better, marm," she replied, "and the doctor says she may have some chicken broth."



THEY LEANED UPON THEIR LITTLE ANCHORS AND SALUTED ELSIE.

HOW JACKY WENT TO CHUCH ON EASTER.

THE joyous chimes from the tall gray steeple of Christ Church rang out :

*“ Christ our Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ; ”*

and from all the church-bells in the city pealed the chorus :

“ Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! ”

It had been a long, cold winter, but this Easter Sunday was as sunny and warm as a day in June. Little Jacky Dent's mamma was not going to church this morning, for Katy, the nurse, had asked permission to attend morning mass at St. John's, and mamma had said, “ Go if you want to, Katy, and I will take care of the babies.”

So she took Jacky in her lap, and, while the church-

HOW JACKY WENT TO CHURCH.

bells were chiming, the birds singing, and the people going down Linden street on their way to church, told him the old, old, tender story of Christ's death and resurrection; told him, too, how, all over the world, on this day, the joyous bells were pealing, "*Christ is risen; Alleluia!*" and in all the churches there were flowers and sweet music and Easter offerings to show the people's joy.

Just as the last bells were ringing, pretty aunt Prue, in a dainty dress and with her sweet face glancing from under the Gainsborough hat she wore, came over the lawn, followed by her dog, Pug, and Jacky ran out to meet her.

"O Jacky," she cried, "do keep Pug for me—there's a dear—until I come from church. He has followed me, and if I go back with him I shall be too late for the service. I'll call on my way from church and take you and Pug home with me for dinner."

So Jacky, who adored his pretty young auntie, promised to take good care of the barking little terrier and be dressed to go with aunt Prue at twelve o'clock.

HOW JACKY WENT TO CHURCH.

Mamma tied a stout cord to Pug's jewelled collar—he was a great dandy, was Pug, and aunt Prue ministered to his vanity—and told Jacky he might play with the dog in the back yard while she bathed and dressed baby.

Just as baby was splashing in the bath, a mingled howl and scream came from the yard. Mamma dropped baby as if she had been a hot potato, and flew to the rescue.

It had occurred to Jacky that Pug needed a bath too. So with infinite pains he had moved the cistern lid enough to admit Pug's little body, and had squeezed him through the opening, all the time clinging tightly to the cord tied to Pug's collar.

There his dogship hung, half-way down the cistern, nearly choked to death, until his howl and Jacky's scream had brought mamma to the rescue.

"Now, Jacky, don't do that again," said mamma, "or you will drown poor Pug. My head aches, dear, and I want to sleep awhile with baby. Be good to Pug, and don't go out of the yard."

Jacky promised to do as mamma said, and indeed he meant to keep his promise. He was the dearest

HOW JACKY WENT TO CHURCH.

little fellow in the world, with deep, clear eyes (cousin Tude says he has *navy-blue* eyes), a sweet mouth, and yellow hair "banged" straight across his forehead, to his mamma's delight and his papa's disgust. "Papa John," as aunt Prue called him, thought that when a boy was two and a half years old, his hair ought to be cut short and he be put into boy's clothes.

After mamma went into the house, Jacky had a lively time with Pug, running races and playing hide-and-seek until they were both tired.

Then he threw himself down under the peach tree, and Pug lay down by his side. It was very still. The church-bells had ceased ringing, even the birds were silent; and Jacky began to think about what mamma had told him that morning.

"I believe I'll go to church to-day," he said to Pug at last. "Mamma says it's almost like heaven in church, with flowers everywhere and music—and angels, Pug, angels, with white wings flying about," he added, thoughtfully. "Mamma did not really say anything about the angels, but if it's like heaven, there must be angels there, of course. I 'spect my little brother Philip is there, Pug. He died one time,



HOW JACKY WENT TO CHURCH.

and mamma says he is an angel. I believe mamma would be glad if I went to church and brought Philip home with me this Easter day. I'd say, 'Philip wose from the dead, mamma, and I caught him and brought him to you;' and then she would never cry any more when she prayed beside Philip's little bed every night—and, Pug, I just believe auntie Prue wants you *now*," finished Jacky, who knew well enough what a naughty thing it was to go out of the yard without mamma's permission.

But a baby conscience is not a very strict monitor, and, dragging reluctant Pug after him by the cord, Jacky started down the street.

He knew very well where aunt Prue's church was, for mamma had often pointed it out to him when they were out riding. Down Linden street he went, and, opening the park gates, passed into the 'pretty place. It was very still and pretty there, with the tender green grass just coming up and clothing the earth with a velvet robe, and the leaves unfolding.

Jacky was hot, dusty and tired, for Pug had objected to going to church, and the child had carried the struggling, barking little dog in his arms

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for three squares. The sweet baby face was flushed with the heat and fatigue, the broad-brimmed hat was pushed far back over the sunny curls, and Pug had torn a big rent in the sailor dress in his effort to escape. So he climbed up on one of the green wooden seats, under the shadow of a lilac bush, with Pug in his arms, and would doubtless have fallen fast asleep if the choir in the church just across the street had not commenced to sing :

*“ Christ the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain.”*

“ We must go now, Pug.”

So the child slipped down, and, taking Pug once more in his arms, walked across the park to aunt Prue's church. The chapel doors in the rear of the church were open, and in they went.

The people were seated, and fixing themselves comfortably to listen to the Easter sermon. Fans and dresses rustled, the light came in through the great stained windows, and fell in flecks of red and purple and yellow—here on a new spring bonnet, there like a flame on the floor.

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Mr. Dale had just risen from his seat to announce the text, when a smile, then a sound which broadened into a laugh, broke out all over the congregation.

For there in the doorway of the church, facing all the people, stood Jacky with Pug in his arms. No wonder every one laughed! Straight into the church stepped the little lad, and was up on the pulpit stairs before any one had thought to stop him.

Yes, there was the great cool shaded church; the sweet music; flowers on the organ, the altar, and everywhere about the chancel, but the angels with their white wings—where were they? And little brother Philip—was he not in this heavenly place?

Jacky turned round on the pulpit stairs and gravely sought aunt Prue's Gainsborough hat with its nodding white plumes. Yes, there she sat with a face all rosy red at the sight of her dusty nephew and struggling dog.

"I've brought you your doggy, aunt Prue," he said, in his clear, childish voice, that rang through the arches of the great church. "And, oh aunt Prue," with a trembling lip and the big tears starting from

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the blue eyes, "there are no angels here, and I can't find brother Philip for mamma!"

Papa John, red and wrathful, started down the aisle towards his young son; but kind Mr. Dale, leaving his pulpit, took the child by the hand, and, giving him a little bunch of fragrant tea-roses from a vase near by, led him into the vestry.

Jacky went back through the park in papa's arms, and by the time he reached home was fast asleep, with the curly head nestled down

"Within the gracious hollow
Which God made in every human shoulder,
Where He meant some tired head
For comfort should be laid."

THE STORY OF MAPLE SUGAR.

A GREAT many years ago, long before any white man had set eyes or foot upon America, up in the north where the rock-maple grows best, there lived, among many other families, beside the great lake called Petowbowk, an Indian named Awahsoose, the bear, and his wife, Wonakake, the otter, and their children — too many for one Indian and his wife to give names to, so they were left to earn names for themselves.

One of them was a tall, strapping boy who had seen eleven summers and twelve winters, and whom his parents sometimes called Wungbasahs, the woodpecker, because he was always poking his nose into all sorts of places.

Wungbasahs knew every woodchuck's hole within

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a mile of the wigwam, every muskwash burrow in the bank of the creek, where Cheskwadadas, the kingfisher, reared its brood, and where the little fish were spawned that furnished them food; and, in fact, knew where almost all the birds built their nests, and robbed them, too, from the crow's down to the wren's—for there were no trees that he could not climb.

Day after day he went prowling through the woods, with his lever-wood bow, letting his stone-tipped arrows fly at every living thing he saw, except one time when he came upon his father's hairy, four-footed namesake, and another, when he saw the tawny, crouching form of Petolo, the panther, ready to spring upon a fawn. Though Wungbasahs was an expert with the bow and arrows, he was afraid to risk a shot with his tiny bolts at such big and dangerous game, and so turned on his tracks and sped home as noiselessly and quickly as he could.

One March day, as he was shuffling about the woods on his snowshoes, looking for something to shoot, he saw a nuthatch creeping head first down the trunk of a tall, slender senomozi, a maple; and



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as he watched it with upturned face, a drop of something fell upon his nose. Looking overhead to see what it came from—for there was no snow to drip from the trees—he saw a red squirrel lying along a small branch, as still as if he was dead, or at least asleep. Was he weeping for his wife that Wungbasahs had killed yesterday, and was it one of his tears that had fallen? He would see. And so, kicking off his snowshoes and slipping his bow across his back, he climbed the tree on the side away from the squirrel, so silently that he was soon astride the branch between him and the trunk without disturbing him.

Then he cried, “Mekwaseese, little squirrel, what are you doing here?”

This gave the squirrel such a start that he nearly tumbled off. When he gathered his wits and looked about him, he saw there was no escape; for there was not another limb within jumping distance, and Wungbasahs was sitting on the butt of this, fitting an arrow to his bow; and below Alemose, his prick-eared dog, sat watching, ready to snap him up if he ventured a leap down on to the snow. So he spoke

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to Wungbasahs; for, though they did not speak the same language, they were both so wild that they could understand each other very well.

“Don’t hurt me, Wungbasahs, I am such a little chap, and you are so big. And I am red enough to be your brother; almost as red as your father when he puts on his war-paint, and goes to fight the Iroquois.”

“Don’t dare to compare yourself to my father!” cried Wungbasahs, hastily drawing his arrow, and squinting at Mekwaseese over the point of it.

“I am only a little beast, but Awahsoose is a great warrior, and his son will be another,” said Mekwaseese meekly. And Wungbasahs eased his arrow till the string was straight.

But presently he drew it again and cried, making his piping voice as big as he could, “You laughed at me yesterday when I shot at you, and the son of Awahsoose is not to be laughed at by squirrels.”

“But was I not the one to laugh when you missed me?” asked Mekwaseese. “If you had hit me, you would have laughed, and I should never have laughed again.”

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"And you never shall. See! I can almost touch you with the point of my arrow, and you cannot get away from me."

"Nay," begged Mekwaseese, creeping a step backward, "do not shoot me, and I will tell you a secret known only to the squirrels."

"What is that?" the boy asked rather contemptuously; for he had little belief that a squirrel could tell *him* anything worth knowing.

"But you won't shoot?"

"Let me hear your great secret, and then I will see."

"Well," sighed Mekwaseese, "I suppose I must tell, whether you kill me or not. When you first saw me here I was sucking sweet water from this branch!"

"Sucking sweet water from this branch? You lie, Mekwaseese. There is no sweet water in trees."

"Yes," said Mekwaseese, "sweeter than the juice of the sata (blueberry), and ever and ever so much of it. Put your lips here where I have bitten through the bark, and taste for yourself. If I have lied I hope to be shot."

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So Wungbasahs lay down upon the limb, and putting his mouth to the wound, got a few drops of a very sweet and pleasant liquid. The squirrel, having no great faith in Indians, big or little, took advantage of his enemy's position, and jumping upon his head, scampered along his back, and gaining the trunk of the tree, got behind it in almost no time at all. The boy was angry enough at being played such a trick, and made all sorts of murderous threats against him; but the squirrel asked, peeping from behind the trunk, "Did you not find it as I told you?"

Wungbasahs admitted that it was sweet, but so little of it that he could never get enough to satisfy him.

"But if you will promise *never* to shoot me, I will tell you how and where you can get a bucketful in half a day."

Yes, Wungbasahs would promise, if what was told him proved true.

So Mekwaseese told him to take a gouge and cut through the bark of the trunk near the ground, and stick a spout of senhalon wood just below for the sap to run through into a pkenmojo, a birch-bark pail, which should be set at the end of it.

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Then Wungbasahs got down from the tree and went home to devise means to carry out the squirrel's instructions.

He could make a pkenmojo and spout easily enough, but he must borrow the gouge. He knew where his father kept his stone gouges and knives and axe, in a pesnoda, or deer-skin tool-bag, hung in the back side of the wigwam; and he knew as well that he could not get the precious tool for the asking; so he took it—the very best and sharpest one of the lot; for I am sorry to say Wungbasahs was not quite so good as the best boys nowadays. Then he cut a slender stick of senhalon wood, which we call sumac, where it grew on a barren place by the lake shore and where he had often gathered its leaves for his father's smoking, and whittled out a spout; then peeled a sheet of bark from the maskwamozi, the white birch, and made a pail; and with these he set forth to the tree where he had found the squirrel, for that, he thought, must be better than any other.

With a good deal more labor than he liked, he cut a furrow through the bark and into the wood, and

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below it made a slanting cut with the gouge and stuck in the spout. It was a soft, half-sunny day, following a frosty night, and the sap came dropping out of the spout into the bark pail at such a lively rate that there was soon a good draught of it, which Wungbasahs swallowed with great relish.

In an hour or so he had got his fill of drink, and began to wish for something to eat. A bright thought struck him. Only two days before, his father had come back from a hunt, hauling home on his dobogan half the carcass of a moose. Would not a chunk of moose-meat, seethed in a kettle of this sweet water, be better than cooked in any other way? So home he went, and added to his sins by purloining a bit of meat half as big as his foot, and one of his mother's kokws, or earthen kettle, with a handful of live coals in it, and made off with his booty to his one-tree sap-works.

Here he started a fire with the coals, and, by a cord of bark about its rim, slung the kettle over it filled with sap and the piece of meat.

They say that 'a watched pot never boils,' and this one did not till the watcher had fallen asleep with

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his back to a tree and his feet to the fire. When he awoke the sun was down and the snow was blue with twilight shadows. His first thought was for his cookery. There was nothing left of the fire but ashes and embers; but the kokw had boiled almost dry, only in the bottom was a gummy mass, out of which rose, like the barren rock, wojahose, the shrunken remains of the moose-meat. Wungbasahs was hungry as a wolf, and, tearing it out, set his teeth into it without waiting for it to get cooler. His delight and astonishment raced with each other over the most luscious morsel he had ever tasted. Sweeter than the minute drops in the bags of the columbine, and a whole mouthful of it, to say nothing of what was left in the kokw!

He was so delighted with his discovery that he ran home with what was left of its results as fast as he could, and told the whole story from beginning to end. When Awahsoose and Wonakake had tasted, and then licked and scraped the kokw cleaner than it had ever been before since it was first made Wungbasahs was forgiven his theft and unauthorized borrowings, and named, with solemn rites, "The —

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one — whom — the — squirrel — told — how — to —
get — the — sweet — water — and — who — himself
— found — out — how — to — make — it — better,”
which in Indian is so very long a name that I have
not paper enough left to write it on.

And so began the making of maple sugar.

This story was not told me by the Indians, but by
the Blue Jay ; and so I cannot vouch for, it since it
is said that, blue as he is, the jay is not *true* blue.
But I do know that to this day, the red squir-
rels spared by Wungbasahs suck the sap of the
maples.

THE ONE-MAN-BAND.

WHOOP! hurrah! a band! a band!" shouted Walter Gay as he dashed down the narrow passage known as Clam Shell Alley, to the open space where stood the little flag railway station. Troops of boys and girls were scurrying along through the fields and byways coming from all directions — from Dwight Row and the tenement houses by the ropewalk, and from the more aristocratic quarter of Seaside known as Broadway, all converging towards the spot whence proceeded the ravishing strains of martial music.

Now a band was not a permanent institution at Seaside. Only once a year at the annual Fourth-of-July parade, were the children sure of hearing one. There was an occasional delightful surprise of the kind when an excursion steamer came down to Bay-

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mont five miles below, and the band played as it sailed by Seaside, and once within Walter's recollection there had been a circus parade through the little hamlet, when the circus band played from their lofty eminence in that magnificent gilt chariot we all know so well; but such a pleasure was rare and not to be repeated often in a lifetime, and Walter did not venture to hope that he should ever witness such glories again, certainly not till he was old enough to seek his fortune beyond the encircling hills of Seaside, in that unknown world whence the circus had come and into which it had vanished.

As he drew near the station he stopped for a moment bewildered. He heard the familiar music of *Hail, Columbia*, with an accompaniment of drums and cymbals, but no band was to be seen; no uniformed players with instruments of flashing brass; in fact from where he stood he could see only a crowd.

By a judicious use of his elbows and a wise adaptation of means to an end, he made his way quickly through the crowd, and this is what he saw.

He saw a brown, black-eyed, mustachioed man,

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wearing upon his head a triple brass cap resembling somewhat a Chinese pagoda, each section fringed with tiny brass bells.

A big drum rested upon his back, and this was surmounted by a smaller drum, while cymbals and a triangle were fastened to the drums. All these were connected by some mysterious arrangement of straps, so that by a movement of his left foot the player could cause the drums to beat, the cymbals to clash, the triangle to ring in unison with the accordion which he played, and at the same time by a shake of his head he set all the sweet bells jingling in perfect time and tune.

Wonderful combination ! a whole band comprised in one man ! and if in one man why not in one boy ? thought Walter ; and he knelt and examined the straps to see if he could solve the mystery of their arrangement. Vain attempt ! while he was yet looking, the music ceased, another mustachioed man passed around a very dirty cap, the school-bell rang, and the crowd dispersed.

The wonderful band has never since been seen at

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Seaside; it disappeared as swiftly and mysteriously as it came, like Longfellow's Arabs, and Walter would be tempted to think sometimes that it was all a dream and it never had been there, if his cousin Horace Greeley Spelman, who is a Boston reporter, had not told him that he had seen the very same man several times in Dock Square, and at the West End.

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BOSS, boss! it is all the time boss, just as it is all the time egg, egg! I am tired! Everything comes from an egg, gets born an egg, and p'raps has just got to be another egg in the end. Papa is a boss, Peter was born a boss himself and always will be boss. I am tired of it, I say."

"Harry, I say!" called a youthful voice in the tone of a major-general, "did I not tell you to feed the dogs and to comb Pog?"

"A fellow can't do everything at once," answered Harry fiercely; "I'll do it when I get ready."

"Oh, it is too late now; they must be washed first. Come along."

"Oh Peter," said Esther, "don't be so bossy, it spoils all the fun."

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"Well," replied Peter, "he ought to have remembered what I told him. I'm not bossing. I only want him to pay attention. Come along, Hal. They've got to be washed to-day, for Monday and Tuesday the girls boss the kitchen with washing and ironing, and Wednesdays and Saturdays with pie and cake baking, and there isn't any other day than Sunday; so it has got to be done to-day."

"There's Thursday and Friday," said Hal; "and I should like to know if mamma isn't more boss of the week and of the tubs than you or the girls."

"Yes, I am;" said his mother, quietly coming into the room. "Stop disputing; and do you, Harry, wash one dog, while Peter blacks his boots; and then Peter can wash the other dog and you can brush both pairs of your boots. Both pairs."

With a grumbling, shuffling sound they disappeared—two boys, two dogs and one girl. Somehow Sunday morning in this house was very far from being peaceful between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, a time otherwise known as "boot and dog hour." From seven to eight there was the usual amount of friction

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up-stairs in rubbing black knees and dusty heads, which, if not accompanied by the final splash down the sloping side of the bath-tub, a process that scattered water, soap and brushes wildly about, would not have been tolerated by the children. 'This final plunge into the shallow depths of a bathing tub, and then lying there making believe dead and happy, atoned for all the sorrows of cleanliness.

Breakfast was always a jolly meal, made up of whatever was left over from the previous day's extra dinner, or of melting ice-cream on hot oatmeal, a most frequent dish; for mamma never knew how to calculate upon just enough quarts for the evening company. Some pink and white and brown was always left, which was turned into one mould and covered up again with ice, so that when re-opened in the morning there would be a little hard centre, while all the rest was delightfully mushy and didn't have to be stirred into a pudding before eaten, and wasn't so awfully cold. After breakfast the two dogs had to be washed. Pillow-cases and towels from the soiled clothes-box were donned as aprons, and great sheets laid down on the floor to receive the dripping

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four-legged creatures, who were then rolled and banged and shaken and sopped dry, and at the end the dogs looked very small, mean, and close-haired, and the thinnest sheets had holes made by the four legs, and the girls were cross that all the hot water was gone, and mamma was cross that she had to mend the sheets, and carbolic soap scented everything. Every Sunday it was said this should not happen again, and every Sunday it did.

Then came the boot-blackening; and the blackening got on to the sheets, and after rubbing the dogs hard, the boys were too tired to polish their boots, and the smaller boy looked so piteous, and his arms hung so limp over the moist boot (he always put too much water into the blackening), that the cook would softly steal into the laundry and brush his boots; for he was very sad at having to do so much work, and cook was used to working, he said. And the dogs could not have been washed, nor the boots blacked, unless the older brother had done the usual amount of bossing, which made the hour hard; for both boss and bossee grew hot during the process.

And this is what made Harry utter the words with

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which this story began. His older brother had told him, when he was only half awake, to run down-stairs and feed the dogs and get that out of the way, and then after breakfast they could be washed — for the health of neither Skye terrier nor of American boy allows a bath to follow instantly upon a breakfast eaten at the rate of ten mouthfuls to a minute. Peter had gone up-stairs after issuing his commands, to take an extra nap, and Harry, indignant at being so promptly reminded of the day's duties devolving upon a younger brother, had loitered, until he had done — nothing. So it was natural for the cook to think he had a particularly hard time of it to-day, and as this was his every-other Sunday to go to church, she concluded to help him a bit.

Therefore Harry appeared in the library with his forlorn little dog and his bright black boots, and his little mouth telling all sorts of happy secrets, very much sooner than usual. But so had he a fortnight ago, which was also his every-other Sunday for church, and also the fortnight before that, and each time the boots had shone with such unusual brilliancy that mamma's suspicions were aroused. "Don't

your arms ache from blacking those boots so nicely?" she asked.

"Oh, no, not much — just enough!" he replied.

"I really don't see," she continued, "how you could have done it so well and so quickly. Suppose you take mine and give them a shine."

Harry looked puzzled as he said, "I can't — Mary — Mary has gone up-stairs."

"What has Mary to do with the boots?" asked the mother.

"Well, she has, and I can't." And he began to industriously comb his dog. The mother put a fresh log upon the blazing wood fire, and some ashes got on the boots, which Harry had placed on the hearth. "O mamma," he exclaimed, "you have soiled my boots!"

"Yes," said she, "and Mary has gone up-stairs; but I guess you can brush them yourself this time."

"You did it on purpose," he exclaimed. "How did you know Mary blacked them?"

She gave him no answer, only a funny little wink out of one corner of her eye, and off he went like a flash. The ashes came off quickly, he found; but

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the lustre was hard to regain. Mary never dared help him again.

In the afternoon the children always went to walk ; but to-day Peter declared he should go alone with "the firm," and his mother consented. This firm was known under the name of Punkapog & Boss ; for Punky was the name of one dog, and Pog was the other called ; the boy, of course, was Boss. On the way they met another "firm" known as "Hounds & Zounds," for the senior partner, the boy, had a way of saying "Zounds," just as other people begin every sentence with "Well." The two firms joined company and talked about dogs, horses, politics, and barked. They also spoke of the cat-show that was to open the next day.

"Zounds," said the elder firm, "have a ticket to the cat-show. My father has got something to do with it. They have been to him and want him to say in all the newspapers that that hairless cat is the genuine article. Father says he is going to clean shave our cat, except just round her eyes, where it will hurt too much—that cat on exhibition has hairs round her eyes if you look close ; and then he's going to give her a cold bath, and

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her skin will be all wrinkled up like my sister's kid gloves when I have scented them with pennyroyal just to plague her; and then he's going to label her, 'Afghanistan Hairless Cat,' and exhibit her in the cage next to the Genuine Hairless Cat. They'll look as like as two peas, and you won't be able to tell which is genuine and which is art. Here's your ticket, come along in to-morrow and see the fun;" and whistling to his greyhound she bade good-by to the firm of Punkapog & Boss.

On reaching home, Peter pinned the ticket on his pin-cushion, and proceeded at intervals throughout the evening to instruct his younger brother in jokes for the next day's rehearsal. In return for his instruction, he saw at breakfast a biscuit on his plate. Too wary to be caught, he opened it and found it sprinkled with black pepper. Saying nothing, he carefully nibbled round the edges, then turning to Harry, asked in generous, sudden fashion, "Fond of dates? Well, then, let's have some, I've got some;" and he thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Goody!" said the little fellow; "do give me one!"

"More if you like, but one at a time. What's the

date of the Battle of Lexington? Want another?"

"That's mean," said Harry, while the others laughed at the unexpected change from peppered biscuit to dates. Peter started for school, with the promise that on his return his brother might ride his velocipede. Good luck favored the boys, and school closed two hours earlier than usual, because the teachers were called to a meeting of the Supervisors, — as Harry said, "the teacher even has a boss, it *is* all boss."

They started on the velocipede frolic, but all the big boys were out, and it seemed rather stupid fun to lead Harry along at a walking pace on a velocipede; so Peter proposed that they should play "station-master," and that the steps of a neighboring house should be station. "Only very smart boys can be station-masters," declared Peter. "You must watch us all the time, see we don't run into each other, hold up the right hand when a velocipede comes down the street, and the left hand when one comes up."

"I know how," said Harry, proud of being allowed to play station-master for big boys. Meanwhile a chilling east wind had sprung up, which did not dis-

turb the other boys, who kept warm by their swift exercise, but which numbed the little fellow, who sat there patiently holding up his hands as the express trains went to and fro too rapidly to hear his pleading words that he was tired and cold. At last a neighbor, who had watched these mysterious actions for some time from her window, remembered that it was April Fool's Day, and asked Harry what he was doing.

"Playing station-master," said he proudly, but with shivering lips.

"What does that mean?"

"Why, I put up and down the signals when they pass, just as a station-master does, while they have a good time riding; only I think it is my turn now to ride."

"So do I," said the lady. "Do you know it is April Fool's Day?"

Harry looked at her in amazement, then calling out to the boys, "Brakes down," ran off home. "An idea has seized him," thought the lady; and the big boys were secretly glad that at last he had had pluck enough to see through their selfishness.

On reaching home, Harry declared to the dogs of

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the Punkapog firm that he'd play a better April Fool than had been played on him. But his intelligence had not yet attained unto the devising of original methods; he could only do what he had seen done. So he looked round for some pieces of paper to pin secretly to some one's dress at which the passers by should laugh and cry "April Fool." His eyes lighted on the ticket pinned on to his brother's cushion.

"That'll do it," he said; "it won't tear like paper. Come along Punky, Pog. And out of the house and down the street they ran, nearly upsetting the firm of Zounds & Hounds.

"Something is up," cried the elder partner. "Zounds, I shall know in course of time. No use to hurry, or expect, in this world."

Harry's speed slackened, as, out of reach of home, he looked round for some coat-tail or shawl on which to pin his treasure. At last he saw a lady slowly sailing down the street, wearing a large red shawl whose point almost touched the sidewalk. "That's the kind," thought Harry; "her shawl is so long, she'll never know if I catch hold of it. Keep still,

you dogs," he exclaimed aloud ; "no barking, or you'll spoil all!"

Cautiously he crept along, seized the end of the shawl, lifted it very gently as he walked bent double behind the lady, that she might not feel his approach by having the shawl dragged from her, as would be the case if he walked upright. He took out his ticket—but a pin, oh for a pin! none in front of or underneath his jacket. Biting the ticket with his teeth, and clinging on to the shawl with one hand, with the other he pulled a pin by main force from his collar, thereby tearing his shirt, and inserted the pin through the ticket on to the shawl. It would not hold. He was in despair; but, like a wise thinker, he stood upright, keeping the ticket in his hand, and allowed the lady to walk nearly to the next block, lest she should begin to suspect something, before venturing on a second attack. The extrication of one pin had loosened another which was a very stout one; so, as she turned the corner, he went through the same operation, and this time successfully; and then went home congratulating himself on having "fixed her;" little thinking how he had fixed himself and his brother.

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That individual soon returned; and on meeting Harry, told him condescendingly that as he had been such a careful station-master, the boys would not mind his having become tired, but would let him play it again. "But where is my cat-show ticket?" he exclaimed.

He searched everywhere. Harry had vanished. Peter opened drawers, boxes, book-cases, fishing-cases, museums, and turned over all the scrap-baskets in the house, calling on every one in an excited tone. No one knew about it, but every one hunted for it.

"Where is Harry? Why don't he come and help? The hair will have grown on that hairless cat before I get there. Harry, Harry, you rascal, come here, quick! double-quick!"

The child came with a dog under each arm.

"Put down those dogs, they are not yours. Help me hunt for my ticket."

"What ticket?" asked the little boy.

"What ticket? The one I had stuck on to my pin-cushion; — you know," exclaimed he, starting round and facing Harry squarely as he caught sight of his frightened eyes.

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"You mean that square little piece of green paste-board? I pinned that on to a lady's shawl in Pond street for an April Fool."

"You did, did you?" ejaculated his brother in wrathful tones.

"Well, yes; and you need not be so cross about it. Can't you get it back again?" asked Harry.

"No, I can't. Who was it? For an April Fool! Pretty expensive kind of a fool! And taking other people's property too! What's station-master to this?"

"Well," said Harry meekly, "I only wanted to do it on some one else as you did on me. I didn't think anything about its being a ticket to anything at first; and when I did, after I had done it, she had gone out of sight, and I supposed she'd know enough to return it; but perhaps she couldn't tell to whom it belonged. I don't think she'd mean to keep it."

And here the little fellow began to cry and the dogs began to bark, and Zounds & Hounds came in, and the mother, who said she would give them tickets all round to go to the cat-show if they would never April Fool nor boss each other any more, nor play station-master, and would always keep dogs and

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boots clean. They said that was too much to promise all at once, but they could think about it.

So they went to the cat-show and saw the hairless cats.

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A VOICE came out of the dusk, from the corner by the big base burning stove. "Oh dear, I wish I knew how to make some money!"

Sounds natural, doesn't it? Or did you never hear a boy wish the same thing in almost the same words? Jack Brownell wanted the money as he never had wanted anything before in his life, and it seemed as if the want was eating a hole in him somewhere — what the poets call being devoured by desire. Never felt anything like it in your life, did you? Nor you, nor you, who stand listening?

Jack wanted a knife, three-bladed, warranted real Wostenholme; one that would *keep* an edge when you had ground it and finished it on the oil-stone, and wouldn't force you to be whetting it up

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and going over to Andrew Pate's grindstone every other day of your life; and he wanted subscription to a juvenile magazine—no names mentioned—and a pair of water-proof boots that he could walk right through a mudpuddle with, and never interrupt his ideas and put him out by having to walk round it. Boots above his knees, with cavalry tops, so he could wade from home to the post-office when the snow broke up in floods. Boots you could hunt in all day in the marshes and never wet the toes of your socks. Yes, and he wanted—deep down in his soul he coveted—a shot-gun, Sherman's make, silver mounted, with a hunting-bag and ammunition—much as a pound of powder—and three boxes of caps, and a bag of shot. Then what good times down the creek Saturdays shooting at a mark, or peppering an unlucky rabbit if it ran right in the way of the bullet! Jack rolled over and groaned at thought of the gun; and to think too, that he had only sixty-nine cents toward this vision of happiness, and not the least idea how to make any more. Tim Lewis had the job of sweeping the schoolroom and clearing the snow off the steps that winter, and he was to get three dollars for

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it; and Gobright had fifty cents a week for getting up early and leaving the hot buckwheat cakes at breakfast to build a fire in the Bridge School; but there wasn't any chance for Jack. He wished he could happen on some buried treasure, or find some Indian relics and sell them. Levi Hayward found an Indian arrowhead and stone pipe when he was plowing, and the professor gave him three dollars for them for the college cabinet. Jack gave another sniff and fling at thought of it.

"Jack, what ails you?" asked his mother from her mending, noticing the boy's trouble at last.

Jack groaned, turning over on his back and clasp-
ing his hands like a crusader on a tomb. "I wish
there was money on every bush. I wish I could go
somewhere and steal a whole lot. Yes, I do. When
I went for the carpet binding down to the store, they
were counting over the cash, and piles of it lay on
the desk, and it looked so good I just hated the
sight of it because I couldn't have any. I had to
just start and run all the way home. Seemed as if
I'd *have* to steal in a little more."

"Don't talk that way, Jack," said his mother

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gently, knowing how the sight of such things strikes to a boy's heart sometimes, and yet glad, because temptation run away from is not likely to ever get hold of him.

"If you want some money, why don't you go to work and make some?"

"Yes, why don't I?" in a tone of injury; "make it doin' sums, or pull it out the fire," with fine scorn. "How'd I make it?"

"You might set up in business," said his mother meekly.

Ho! yes, he'd set up in business—set up with a jayhawk and a ground squirr'l for partners. H'mph! Sniff!

"You might take a partner with money," suggested his mother again, quietly. "Belmont, or Astor, or Vanderbilt, or Charley Higgins, the town skinflint and money-lender." He wasn't particular either, any of 'em! 'mph! sniff. Two sniffs.

"If I could find a boy willing to work, and get up mornings and step around spry and smart, and that wouldn't let the hens run away with a good thing when he had it in his teeth, I might take him

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for a partner," said the mother, taking in another yard or two of red yarn in her needle. Boys' heels do eat up yarn dreadfully. "Just take this sock, Johnny, and ravel out the top while I darn the other, and I'll tell you about a boy I knew."

So Jack sat up and pushed the desperate hair out of his face, and fell to work, for when his mother said "I'll tell you something," it grew interesting, and he forgot to growl and object that it was girls' work to wind yarn, as some boys do. I don't mean these boys who read this story, but some other boys. Probably you never heard one say so. While the old sock was deftly raveled and wound, Mrs. Brownell told about Tom Getchell.

"When I was in the country one summer while you were a baby, there used to come around twice a week, a lame boy with a little cart of notions. He had confectionery such as everybody loves—fig paste and chocolate drops, old-fashioned cream candy that melts in the mouth, molasses candy, big Salem Gib-raltars, and real jujube paste, which you don't find nowadays, all fresh and pure and well-made. You can imagine that was the thing to draw the pennies

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right out of schoolchildren's pockets, and older persons liked the taste of Tom Getchell's nice candies. Beside he had such an assortment as you find at the confectionery counter of a depot stand — fresh figs in the season, oranges and lemons, popcorn-balls in papers, maple sugar and flagroot, licorice sticks, and in one small box some writing-paper, pens and pencils, just to accommodate people who wanted a sheet of paper once or twice a year, when they had to answer a letter. We were half a mile from the stores, and there were but two shops in the little country place anyhow, and it was a welcome sight to spy Tom's cart toiling up the hill with its load of sweet and fresh juicy oranges. He was sure to leave something at every house on the way, for the men and girls in the shoe factory saved their lunch money to buy of him, and the Irish women spared a cent to buy a pink popcorn-ball for the babies, and Miss Lucinda Foster across the road liked to have a few Gibraltars to give the children when they ran in to see her, and her big brother William liked to find a ripe fig or a burnt almond in the drawer when he looked for his spectacles. You used to know Tom,

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and begin to dance and shout as soon as you saw the cart, and cry if it did not hurry round soon enough to suit your lordship; and you started more than once to run away and follow the wonderful load all over the world. Tom was an orphan, and had taken up the business of earning his own living two years before. He had travelled the road twice a week all the pleasant weather, and people who knew him said he had earned his clothes and had three hundred dollars put away in bank."

"Three hundred dollars," said Jack, his eyes widening; "don't I wish I had it!"

"Suppose you work for it then," said his mother. "Now I will give you fifty cents to start with if you choose to stock a basket and go round Saturday and Wednesday afternoons, and see what you can do about selling things. You and I will be partners; or, I will be a silent partner, with my money in the business but no share in the active management. You will be the head of the firm and I'll be the 'Co.'"

The head of the firm didn't act as if he meant to stand on his dignity very much, for he was dancing an Indian war dance round the sitting-room, ending

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by standing on his hands with his feet in the air. The "Co." threaded her needle with more red yarn, and smiled at the performance.

"Three hundred dollars saved up," Jack went on, counting up his future gains. "I can have a bicycle, and a new suit and a camera, a magic lantern and 'The Boys' Own Wonderful,' and a gun and a pair of carrier pigeons, and a writing-desk and lots of pink paper with silver letters, and a bottle of Florida water that smells sweet to put on my hair, and a game of authors and a three-pound box of candy, and — why, mother, I can have every single thing in the world I want!" and Jack stood on his hands again by way of expressing his feelings.

"You have to earn your money first," his mother said; "and let me tell you, not one cent is to be spent till you have gained the dollar of your money and mine you take for capital. I can't afford to let you lose my money or your own. You will have to make that dollar to pay yourself back, and another dollar to buy more things, before you touch a penny for anything else. Bring me the little old grocery book and the pencil, and let us begin things in shape." So Jack

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brought the old passbook which had several blank leaves left, and Mrs. Brownell had him write down in his best hand the memorandum of the agreement.

"John Brownell and Mary Brownell, partners, Feb. 6th, 1880. Each put in fifty cents' share in basket business. \$1.00. No money to be taken out by either partner till the capital is doubled. Then share and share alike."

Jack liked the sound of the last sentence, which he had heard in a contract for the letting of his father's forty-acre lot. He would have liked to start out selling then and there, but he had no stock, and, he reflected, not even a go-cart. "Where shall I get a wagon," he asked disconsolately.

"Your wagon will have to be a basket, Jack," his mother said, "and you needn't worry about that till you have the things to put in it. Jack, I declare, it isn't fair. I shall have to furnish half the capital and all the experience for this firm, right along."

"Why isn't it fair?" cried Jack, flushing.

"Why, the rule is in partnership that one man finds the money and the other the experience, and in two years the first one has the experience and the other man has the money. I shall want good interest if I'm to find money and experience too."

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"Shall we have Gibraltars?" Jack asked anxiously.

"I suppose so, for it wouldn't be a boy's basket without. I think, Jack, I'll write to your aunt Frances in the city, and ask her to buy the things for us. A dollar will go so much farther there than here."

Jack got up, went to the secretary, and brought paper, pen and ink to his mother beseechingly. "Now do write at once," he said, "because you know I am no good at waiting, and I feel as if I should never last anyhow till that basket is full and walking off with me behind it."

So his mother laughed and wrote the letter to aunt Frances in Boston, and the next week the postmaster handed Jack a box with ten cents' postage to pay, which took the last of his sixty-nine cents, for he spent eight cents for candy and one cent for chewing-gum to support nature under the stress of waiting, on the strength of the fortune he was going to make. What is nine cents to a man who has three hundred dollars in bank in the future? for Jack had counted that money and laid it out so many times he felt as if he must certainly have made it twice over.

That dreadful mother of his would not let him open

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the box till after school, and he had split the wood and fed the hens and nailed up the slats of the fence, for she knew that hens and wood-house would have no more of Jack after that wonderful box was open. Then with the room snug and warm, curtains down and the table clear, he might bring out the box. Aunt Frances had rather enjoyed making the most of the Brownells' dollar, and had quite entered into the spirit of the business. First under the tissue paper came half a dozen confectionery hearts, three white and three pink, melting, sugary things, not burning with peppermint, or bitter with lemon, but with no flavor save that of their own sweetness. I used to think such hearts were the dearest things in the world, and children like them just as well now, I fancy. Then came a pound of mixed candies, which took more of Jack's money, and was all of large figures which would sell at a cent apiece. Next some tangerine oranges of delicious flavor, which as rarities were to be marked five cents each. Then some cards of small pearl buttons, and hooks and eyes, which Jack sniffed at. That boy had a variety of sniffs, and could find one to suit almost any occasion ; and

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as he seemed to think that creation could have been improved if he had put a hand to it, you can imagine he kept them all in use. Then came one of these queer wire things you have seen to scour kettles without scraping and trouble; then a paper of very long needles, and extra large tape needles, and some rolls of yellow hair-pins which looked like gold, for putting up fair hair without showing in it as black ones do, and some silver pins which would look pretty in dark hair, some soft pins for hair crimping, at two cents a pair, and lastly a funny little cap of soft russet leather, with an elastic strap to it. Then it was Mrs. Brownell's turn to look curious, for she had never seen anything of the kind before. "It must be the 'little old man dressed all in leather' has lost his nightcap," said Jack.

"Aunt Frances writes that these sheep-skin things are a new invention called stocking protectors, to slip on boys' heels to keep the sock from wearing. She says you can use this for a sample in taking orders, and she will send them as fast as you want, and that mothers are likely to want a good many of them."

Jack didn't more than half like the idea of going

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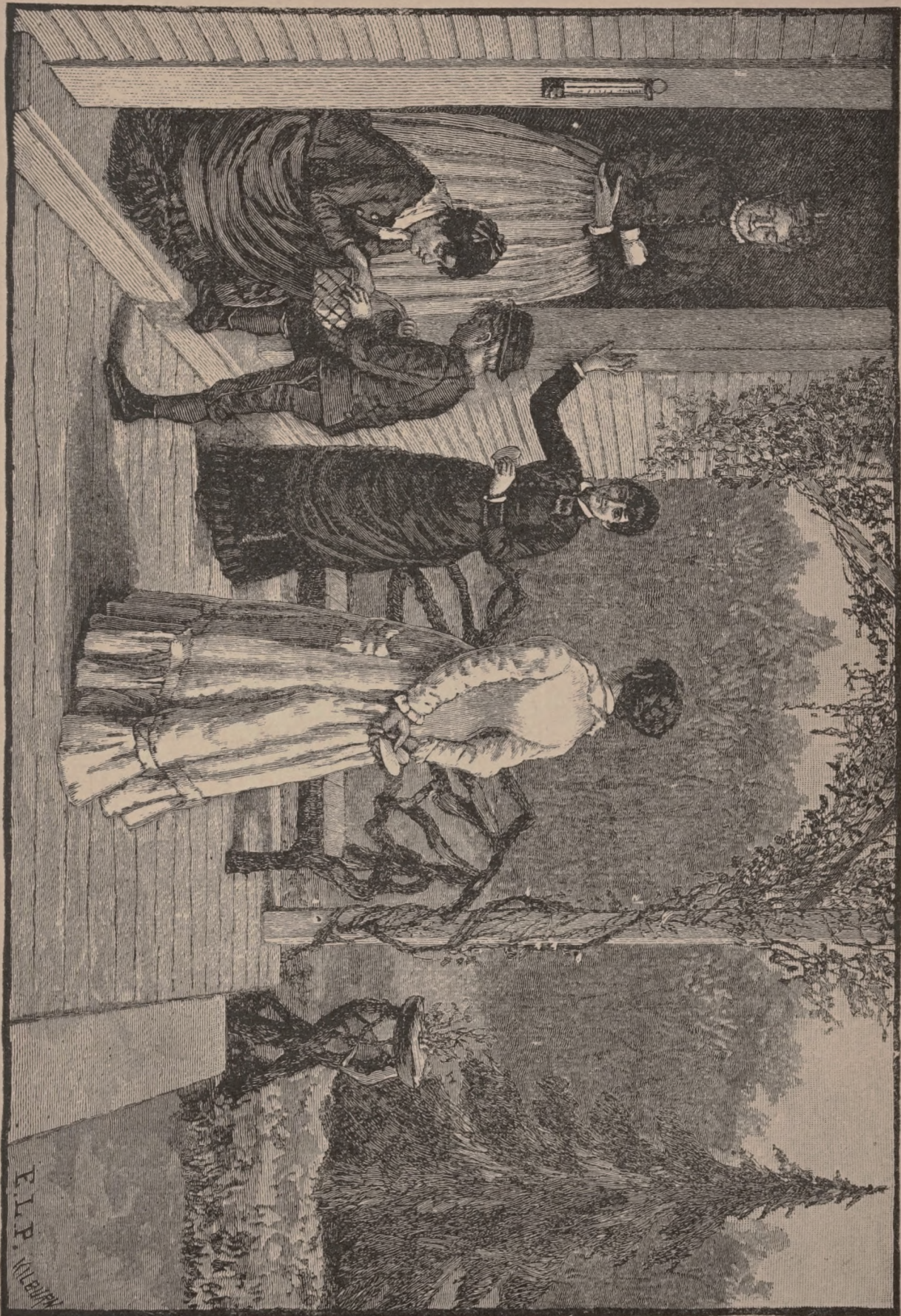
round with such a pack of girl's things, as he scornfully said, but the mother overruled, and he was started off the next Saturday afternoon with directions to begin work the other side of the town. He went across the river to the Mayo house, where there were three big girls with snapping black eyes and cardinal ribbons, and old lady Mayo opened the door at Jack's knock. "D-d-do you want to buy anything to-day?" Jack asked in an agony of bashfulness.

"I don't know as I do," said the old lady very deliberately. "You look like a young fellow to be in business; what you got?"

"Want any hooks and eyes, buttons, milliners' needles?" Jack stammered, trying to recollect what his mother had told him to say.

"No, I don't want any of them. Got any trouser buttons?"

Not one had Jack, of brass or black or tin. He felt mortified away down in the depths of his soul to think he should have forgotten such an essential thing as trousers buttons. The old lady was going to shut the door on a very mortified, wretched boy, when Clarinda, the youngest, came running down-stairs.



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"Who is it, ma?" she said, and, "Oh, what you got?" catching sight of the basket. "Jack Brownell's gone into business, ma. Girls, come down!"

And she wanted to know if he had any cardinal ribbon or elastic braid, or any worsted needles, for she didn't want to go across the river to the store for one that afternoon. And the other girls came down, and Jack had to show everything to each one, and there was looking and comparing, and Amanda wanted to know if he had any watch-cords, or small spools of embroidery silk, or any darning cotton, which of course he hadn't. And they bought a pair of crimping pins, and two sugar hearts, and Mrs. Mayo bought a dozen of pearl buttons because they were so cheap.

Next place the baby had the measles, and the mother wouldn't let Jack in the house. Next was an old man reading a paper and lonesome. He invited Jack in, asked him fifty questions about himself and his parents, poked in his basket, bought a stick of barley candy, and gave Jack a red apple. Next place Jack sold more candy and two milliners' needles, and he began to look with more respect on

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his feminine goods when he found how well they sold. Next place the woman was mending stockings, with a big basketful beside her. "Well, now," she said, when she saw the "protectors," "'pears to me I'd ought to have a pair o' them things right away. Jest the thing for savin' 'his' socks, ain't they?" And she made Jack promise to bring her the sample pair if his mother would let him, that very night. "She wasn't going to mend any more socks if that little invention was going to help it."

Then he met a party of the boys on the bridge, and this he had been dreading all the afternoon, for he knew they would want him to treat, and worry him if he did not. His mother had told him what to do and say, and he faced them bravely.

"He-up," sang out one who peeped into the basket as he went by. "Jack, can't you give us a treat? Here, boys, make him stand treat," and "treat," "treat," rang on all sides.

"I'll treat, boys, when I've got my business started. If you want anything in my line, you'll get more for your money here than you would at the bank. Ever see any Gibaltars that size, Joe Emory?"

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As the candies were very large and of good flavor, the joke took, and the boys bought a couple of cents' worth, all the money they had in the crowd. Two or three asked Jack to trust them for more.

"Strictly cash business, boys, and I've got to keep my credit good. Can't have any notes out, or accounts running. When I can see my way ahead better, I'll talk about credit." And then he was off as quickly as he knew how to go without running.

He got fairly through his afternoon business, took three orders for the heel protectors, which mothers seemed to think were just what they wanted to keep the children's stockings from wearing out. Carrie Fox asked him if he couldn't bring her some crewels to match samples which she gave him, and Jack remembered to tell his mother everything which people wanted that he hadn't got. She wrote down a list of them to help in making the next order. A week from that day Jack had only a quarter of a pound of candy left, and the list of things to be ordered and the account in the little old grocery book read thus:

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Sold.	Almonds, candied walnuts, etc	.	.	.	\$.30
	Sugar hearts06
	Blonde hair-pins, at 10c. a paper30
	Silver hair-pins, at 10c. a paper20
	4 dozen pearl buttons, at 10c40
	5 tape needles at 5c25
	6 papers hooks and eyes at 5c30
	1 wire-pot cleaner15
	1 stocking saver25
					\$2.41

Things to be ordered: Trousers buttons, brass, silvered, black, 2 sizes; coarse red machine silk for stitching; linen bobbinet braid; watch-cords; mending cotton; elastic braid; Java canvas, red and blue; crochet needles, extra polished; peacocks' feathers; orange cream drops; rush baskets; Japanese fans; Easter cards; Princeton basket.

Aunt Frances had enough to do to fill that order, you may be sure, but Jack and his mother put the \$2.41 into the business, and the next month a crisp new \$10 bill went into the savings bank, beside the \$5 for fresh stock.

Jack has bought a new basket, and begins to think he doesn't care so much for the bicycle, and feels as if he could exist without the camera. The silver-mounted shot-gun has lost its charms beside Ben

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Phinney's plain rifle which shoots better, and which is offered for sale at \$30. But Jack sent to Mr. Vick privately for a new selection of flower seeds to surprise his mother, and has decided that the sitting-room wants a new carpet, and his books need a new walnut case. He intends to send next month for a color box and a set of carving tools, while already in the right hand trousers pocket rests that beautiful Wostenholme knife that is the admiration of all the High School boys.

Jack's mother thinks the best of the business is that he is so busy and has so much to think of, he has forgotten to sniff, and I sometimes get the impression that he is entirely willing the responsibility of managing the whole world should rest somewhere else than upon his shoulders. He generally finds the basket and Jack Brownell's affairs quite enough for him to take care of.

THE QUEERCLOVER CHRONICLES.

I. MISS MARROWPHAT'S MALTEE.

THOMAS ALSOP, Esq., a small but not unimportant citizen of Queerclover, was walking down the main street of the village with his hands in his pockets and bitterness in his heart. It was May, the month of circuses. "The Greatest Combination Ever on Exhibition in Either Hemisphere" was announced to appear in Queerclover the following week. And Thomas Alsop's father, having been this morning for the first time approached upon the subject, had declined to bestow upon his son the advertised price of admission. Just at the corner of the Green, citizen Tommy fell in with young Prettyman, a New York boy who, with his mother, was visiting in Queerclover.

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"Well?" demanded young Prettyman. "What did he say?"

"Said 'twa'n't no place for boys," responded Tommy, disgustedly.

"Just what Judy said," observed young Prettyman. By "Judy" he meant his mother. For some inconceivable reason (possibly because it was disrespectful and he knew it plagued her) he always called his mother Judy.

"Notwithstanding which" — the speaker continued with great cheerfulness — "I'm going!"

"Where'll you get the money?" asked Tommy.

"Don't know. I'll *get* it somehow, though! Always do."

The conversation reached this point just as they were passing a pretty white cottage with flowers and shrubbery all about it, and a piazza facing the green. On this piazza, as they looked in through the open gateway, a large cat could be seen lying on the mat in the sun. She was of the kind generally known as "maltese," and was particularly noticeable now because of a green vizor or shade which was fastened over one of her eyes, evidently for the purpose of protecting it from the light.

"What's that?" exclaimed young Prettyman.

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"That's Miss Marrowphat's maltee," said Tommy. "Haven't you heard about *her*?"

"What's that she's got on?" asked the other halting and regarding the animal with interest. "What's the matter with her anyway?"

"She pretty near put her eye out fighting, the other night," explained Tommy. "Miss Marrowphat had an eye-doctor out from Boston, an' he fixed it, an' now she has to wear a shade. They thought first she'd have to have a glass eye."

Young Prettyman laughed outright.

"She must think a good deal of her cat," said he.

"I guess she does?" responded Tommy, with warmth. "She thinks more of it than she does of her own children — if she had any. She's brung it up just like other folks do babies. She has a girl to take care of it, an' a carriage for it to ride in — an' it always sets up to the table with her an' has a high chair an' a napkin ring an' a silver spoon of its own. An' she has a gold collar for it, only she don't let her wear it, for fear it'll get stolen. An' she has a little bedroom for it openin' right out o' her's — an' a little bed in it an' a muskeeter bar an' — an' lots o' things. An' whenever it's sick she always sends right off for the doctor. An' since this last accident she's got its

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life insured for five thousand dollars in the Catskill Mutual."

"Catskill *Grandmother!*" exclaimed young Prettyman. "I don't believe it."

"That's what my father says, an' he's a lawyer," declared Tommy

"Hist!" whispered his companion. "There she is now."

They paused near the end of the fence, and looking in through the hedge, saw Miss Marrowphat herself come out of the house and speak to the cat.

"Why, dear," they heard her say, "I'm afraid this hot sun will give you another sick headache. And this light is altogether too strong for your poor eye."

And then they saw her stoop and take up the mallee, and disappear with it inside the door.

"She does think a good deal of it," remarked young Prettyman, after a moment of thoughtful silence.

"I told you she did," said Tommy.

"I say, Alsop," went on the other abruptly. "Do you really want to go to the circus?"

Tommy grew sober in an instant. He evidently *did* really want to go to the circus, though he made no reply in words.

"Well, then," cried his friend, "I know how we

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can get the money just as easy as falling out of a cherry tree."

"How?" asked Tommy.

"D'you ever hear of Charlie Ross?"

Tommy shook his head.

"There ain't no such boy in Queerclover," said he.

"Humph!" uttered young Prettyman. "He *may* be for all you know. He's never been found anywhere else. But I'll tell you how we can get the money, if you will help."

"How?" again inquired Tommy.

Young Prettyman looked cautiously around. They were some little way past the cottage now, and Miss Marrowphat was nowhere in sight. He got hold of Tommy's arm and drew him nearer.

"I'm going to try my hand at kidnapping!" murmured he.

"What?" asked Tommy, not comprehending at all.

Young Prettyman pulled him nearer still and put his lips close to Tommy's ear :

"*I'm going to kidnap Miss Marrowphat's maltee!*" he said in a loud whisper.

By nine o'clock the next morning it was known all over Queerclover that Miss Marrowphat's maltee was

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missing. Miss Felicia Funnyfeather, Miss Marrowphat's nearest neighbor and dearest friend was, strangely enough, one of the last to hear of it, and she at once flung her waterproof about her head and shoulders and hastened over to learn the particulars and to condole with her friend.

Miss Marrowphat received her at the door with red eyes.

In many words, interspersed with some sobs, she told her friend the sad story. Angie, the name Miss Marrowphat's Maltee usually went by, had, as usual, been permitted to go out for a few moments, about nine o'clock the previous evening to get a little fresh air. At half-past nine Maria had gone to the door and called her but she had made no response. At ten Miss Marrowphat herself had stepped out on the piazza, and for a long while, and in the most gentle and persuasive accents, besought her to return to the house. But still there was no sign of the missing one, and Miss Marrowphat had finally gone back, but remaining up all night had from time to time gone to the door and called the cat. This morning a thorough search had been made all about, yet no trace of the lost one discovered.

"And I shall never, never see her any more," said Miss Marrowphat, breaking down entirely.

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She has only wandered off somewhere," said her friend. "If I were you, I would advertise."

And so saying Miss Funnyfeather, who was dreadfully energetic and practical and cheerful on all occasions, sat down then and there and wrote out an advertisement which was at once taken down to the printing office and printed.

That afternoon at five Tommy Alsop, lying at full length on the grass down in the back garden under the lilac bush, suddenly heard a step behind him. He started up with a little shriek.

"What's the matter with you?" said young Prettyman. "You're white as a sheet."

"Nothing," answered Tommy, looking relieved. "I really thought at first you were the sheriff sure."

"I do believe you're scared," said young Prettyman. "Have you seen the reward?"

And then, as Tommy did not seem to understand what was meant, the other went on to tell him that there was a big handbill posted on the band-stand in the middle of the Green announcing that a reward of ten dollars would be paid to anyone who would give information leading to the recovery, dead or alive, of Miss Marrowphat's maltee.

Tommy turned a little pale as he listened, but presently a thought struck him.

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"Then why can't we return her and get the reward?" suggested he.

"No *sir!*" uttered his chief, emphatically. "You don't catch *me* that way. I hid my father's seal-skin gloves once, and when he said he'd give anybody half a dollar to find 'em and I went and got 'em, instead of the half dollar he gave me a good lickin' for it." And young Prettyman shook his head very positively, as he repeated. "No sir. You don't catch *me* that way!"

"But I'll tell you what we *will* do," this astute young person went on. "You know how to write, don't you?"

Yes, Tommy, could write. At least he could print. He could make a better capital B than any other fellow in the school.

"Well," said young Prettyman, "you go get a sheet of paper, will you? I want you to write a letter."

So Tommy went into the house for the paper; and then, with the bench in the summer-house for a desk, and at Master Prettyman's dictation, with infinite pains he wrote out the following letter. It is to be regretted the chirography as well as the spelling cannot be reproduced here:

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"MiS MaReRfat yoR caT TiS aLivE and WeL and yOU
caN HAV iT foR 25 DoLARS Be aT THE BaNStaND To
MoRRER NiTe aT 9 oKLoK IF YOU Do NOT hER HeD
WiL Bee cUT Of THeR NeX Day.

YoRS AffeCKSNTLy

RoBBURS.

P. S. Bee SuRe You CoM *ALoNe* and If you Say A SiN-
GLE WoRD IT WiL Bee CuT Of NoW.

This document the reader, doubtless, will succeed in deciphering. The intention of him who dictated it was that Miss Marrowphat should come to the Band-stand on the Green, all by herself, at nine o'clock the following evening, bringing with her the sum of twenty-five dollars, in exchange for which she was to receive back her darling cat. And it must be confessed that young Prettyman had shown no little ingenuity, and cunning, so far in his scheme ; and it was altogether likely that Miss Marrowphat, her anxiety for the safety of the maltee outweighing all other sentiments in her breast, would unhesitatingly comply with his conditions.

The letter, duly posted, reached Miss Marrowphat that evening ; and her friend, Miss Funnyfeather, who was with her, saw an expression of joy gradually breaking over her face. Miss Marrowphat had barely gotten as far as the postscript, when she jumped up from her chair, and began waving the

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paper above her head, in the most extravagant manner possible.

"Found! Found!" she cried, and then, dropping the letter on the floor, she sat down again, quite overcome with joy.

Miss Felicia picked up the paper and read it over for herself. When she had finished it, she asked Miss Marrowphat what she was going to do about it.

"Do about it?" exclaimed the latter. "What *should* I do about it? I shall do as the letter says. I would rather give twenty-five *hundred* dollars, than that my pet should have her beautiful head cut off!"

"Humph!" remarked Miss Felicia. But she said nothing more. She knew her friend too well to attempt to change her purpose in a matter so near her heart as this. Miss Felicia had a notion of her own, however, as we shall presently see.

At half past eight o'clock the next evening, it was raining a little, and the night was dark as a pocket.

"So much the better," remarked young Prettyman, as he and Tommy Alsop climbed over the back-garden fence. "Nobody'll see us."

And, indeed, if anybody had seen them they would have been unusually sharp-eyed, to have recognized them. Young Prettyman had on four coats, a heavy pair of boots and a tall stove-pipe hat, and his face

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was adorned with the fiercest possible moustache and whiskers of burnt-cork ; while Tommy had dressed himself in his father's winter ulster, and put on a fur cap and muffler that entirely concealed his head and face, and made him look twice as big as he was. Save that they were a little deficient in point of stature, they looked, for all the world, like a pair of desperate outlaws, taken directly from the first-page illustration of a New York story-paper.

Young Prettyman slung his club over his shoulder and strode off boldly into the night, while his less reckless comrade shifted the covered basket from his right hand to his left and reluctantly trotted after.

Arrived at the Green, the chief conspirator led the way directly toward where the band-stand might be supposed to be. It was very dark and they could scarcely see each other. Looking across toward Miss Marrowphat's cottage, they perceived a light in the front room as usual. All at once, however, the tall outline of the band-stand appeared before them, a large circular platform some eight feet from the ground, with a railing around it and supported by a single pillar in the centre. In years past there had been a set of steps leading up to a trap-door in the platform, but of late, the band-stand not having

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been used for a long while, these had been taken away.

Young Prettyman posted Tommy out in the darkness, some twenty feet from the band-stand.

"There!" said he. "You are to stay here with the basket, and not make a single sign or sound until I whistle."

"All right," assented Tommy, with a slight quaver in his voice.

Then young Prettyman went back to the band-stand; and almost immediately thereafter, Miss Marrowphat's front door was seen to open and a female figure came out, raised an umbrella and then closed the door again. Tommy's heart beat so loudly he was afraid it would be heard all over the village; but his companion paced up and down in the rain, quite undaunted, impatiently stroking his burnt-cork moustache, and waiting for Miss Marrowphat to appear. Then suddenly, Tommy, listening with all his ears, heard voices and knew that the lady had arrived. "O, Sir!" were the first words that Tommy could catch distinctly, "where is my darling Cat? O, give her back to me at once!"

"Have you brought the money?" demanded young Prettyman, in a voice as deep and gruff as he could possibly assume.

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"Yes, I have it," was the eager answer. "But where is my Cat? O, where is she?"

Young Prettyman put his first and fourth finger between his lips and gave a low, shrill whistle, at which Tommy picked up his basket and slowly came forward.

"She is here — in this basket," said young Prettyman, taking the basket. "Now give us the money — quick!"

And at that instant, as if to confirm his words and probably instinctively aware of her mistress's presence, Angy gave vent to a long, heart-rending cry which Miss Marrowphat recognized at once. With trembling hands the lady began feeling in her pocket for her purse, and, drawing it forth, was about to hand young Prettyman a roll of bills, when suddenly a muffled sound was heard directly overhead, and then, all in an instant, our two young adventurers became aware that a *man* was standing beside them and that a heavy hand had been laid upon the shoulder of each.

"Needn't hurry to come down, Tom," the well known voice of Mr. Roper, the Town Constable, was heard to say, as though speaking to some one above. "It's nothin' but a couple of boys, I guess." And then, addressing the boys themselves, he went on,



AN UNLOOKED-FOR OCCURRENCE

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"Wal, young gen'lman, this here's a purty how'd ye do! Yer'd better keep yer money, Miss Marrowphat — an' here's yer cat. What's your name, youngster?" and he turned sharply on young Prettyman.

"You stoop down here and I'll tell you," said the latter. "I don't care to have everybody know."

So the unsuspecting constable, little dreaming with what an artful young being he had to deal, bent over and put his ear close to young Prettyman's mouth. The next instant that young gentleman, with a skillful jerk, had suddenly extricated himself from the grasp of the Law and was skurrying away into the darkness, where it would have been folly to pursue him.

Our friend Tommy, however, was only held all the tighter for his companion's escape, and being presently taken over to Miss Marrowphat's piazza, and the door opened upon him, was at once recognized.

"Dear me!" cried Miss Funnyfeather (who had opened the door). "If it ain't Squire Alsop's boy Tommy! Who'd 'a' thought it!"

"You naughty boy! How *could* you steal my Angelina!" cried Miss Marrowphat. But she was too overjoyed at the recovery of her cat to be very angry.

"Well," said Constable Roper, who was a pretty

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good natured man, and who was dependent upon Tommy's father for a great many profitable jobs. "I guess I'd better take him over to the Squire, and let *him* punish him."

So Tommy, in the most humiliating manner, was led homeward; and when his father heard what he had done, he gave him a good talking to, and sentenced him to two weeks imprisonment at hard labor in the back garden.

As for his associate in crime, Tommy obstinately refused from first to last, to reveal his name, which loyalty was repaid by young Prettyman's coming and sitting on the fence the day after the circus, and driving poor Tommy nearly distracted, by telling him all about it.

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II. ACCORDINGLY HIGGLEY PIGGLEY HIC HAEC HOC.

MISS PATIENCE POLYCARP brought her broom to a rest, and stood in her front doorway watching the three boys who had just tipped their hats to her as they went by.

“You often see *two* persons arm-in-arm,” she remarked to herself, “but *three* is something *oncommon*. An’ it’s a good sign, too. There ain’t three likelier and prettier boys than The Three Ws in the town of Turnover !”

Miss Patience Polycarp might well say that The Three Ws (so called because their first names all began with the letter W, and because they were almost always together) were, in spite of their bare feet and torn straw hats, a trio of as well-behaved and manly lads as could be found in the whole town of Queerclover. Everybody liked them except, Squire

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Barnaby, and he never liked anybody. As for going bare-footed and wearing ragged hats, nobody thought anything of that in Queerclower.

While The Three Ws were still within speaking distance a sudden impulse seemed to seize Miss Patience. She raised her voice and called after them shrilly :

“Boys! boys!” will you come back a minute?”

So the three lads turned promptly, dropping each other's arms as they did so, and walked back to the front gate.

“I want you to help me a bit,” said Miss Patience. “Can you?”

“Certainly, ma'am,” answered Winchell. “It's Saturday, an' we've got the whole forenoon before us.”

“It ain't much of a job,” continued Miss Patience, “but it's more than *I* can manage.” Step in a minute.”

So they all three took off their hats, and, wiping their feet on the door-mat, followed her in through the hall to the dining-room. Miss Polycarp pointed to a huge water-melon that lay in a platter on the table. One end of it had been cut off.

“*There* is the job,” said she. “I want it taken off and eaten up. You can add another W to The Three W's — eh, William Robeson?” And the good lady laughed happily.



THE FOUR W'S.

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"Yes," said Will, laughing too. "We'll incorporate it into the Firm, so to speak. No doubt Warren and Winch will consent."

"Of course," put in Warren — Warren Holmes — "but arn't you robbing yourself, Miss Polycarp?"

"Bless you, no indeed! I've eaten all I can of it already. It'll spoil if you don't take it. I expected comp'ny, but they didn't come."

And then, thanking Miss Patience heartily, they took the water-melon in their arms and went out again.

"We are the *Four* W's now," said Winchell, as they went down the steps. Winchell's last name was Holmes, too. He was Warren Holmes' cousin.

"I guess you'll very soon make yourselves three again," Miss Patience answered after; and then she went back to her sweeping.

"Now for a shady, comfortable place to eat it in," said Will Robeson, as they walked along.

"There's the Pond," suggested Warren. "It's cool and comfortable over there."

"What's the use of going so far when there are plenty of places just as good close at hand?" objected Winch.

Where?" said Will.

"Well, there's Mill Hollow."

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"That's two lots off at least," declared Warren.

"Why not go over here right back of Squire Barnaby's barn? It's nice and shady there."

"All right," assented both the others; and climbing the wall and crossing a brief intervening space they presently halted and threw themselves down on the grass in the shade of one of the Squire's numerous out-buildings. The boys of Queerclover were accustomed to go pretty much where they pleased.

Without any unnecessary delay the Firm at once set about the business before them. Winchell sat in the centre and carved. The eating and the conversation were pretty equally divided among the three.

"Isn't this red hot!" uttered Will from behind a strip of rind, that reached from ear to ear.

"What? The weather?" said Warren, wiping his brow with his sleeve, and picking up another slice that Winch had just cut off.

"No, the melon."

"It certainly is a decidedly good one," declared Warren.

"It is perfectly delicious!" echoed Winch himself. "As good as if we'd got it from the Squire's melon patch."

"The Squire does raise some mighty nice melons," asserted Will. "I wonder when his Japanese

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melons will be ripe. He *deserves* to have 'em stolen. He's so mean about 'em." This was said in recollection of the fact that Squire Barnaby had been robbed of large quantities of his choicest melons the year before. During the present season he had given out that any one found on his melon-patch, would be shot at sight—a threat which so far, preserved him from trespass. He had large quantities of all sorts of melons, but nobody ever got a taste of them except those who stole them, or those who paid for them. The Squire was not a generous man.

"They say stolen fruit is always the sweetest," continued Winchell, as he brushed the dark seeds from still another slice.

"That accounts for *this* one's being so sweet," said Will. And they all laughed together at the thought of good Miss Patience Polycarp's having *stolen* the water melon!

By and by, when they had all eaten pretty nearly their fill, Will, who had been lying there with his chin in his hands, thoughtfully chewing a blade of grass, suddenly began laughing again—this time rather quietly as though to himself.

"What's the matter now, Will?"—from Winchell.

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“Nothing — only I was thinking of your composition, yesterday. Ha! ha! ha!”

Winch laughed too, a little ruefully.

“It *was* rather funny,” he observed.

“I should *accordingly* think accordingly it *accordingly* was!” added Warren. And then again they all laughed merrily together.

The allusion had been to one of Winchell’s school compositions which the teacher had read before the school the afternoon before, criticising it for the constant recurrence in it of the adverb *accordingly*. It seemed as though the young author had used it after almost every word. In one single short sentence it had occurred four times.

All at once Will ejected the remnants of the blade of grass from his mouth and spoke again.

“I’ll tell you what let’s do, boys,” said he. “Just for the fun of it, you know.”

“By all means, if there’s any fun in it,” cried the others. “What is it?”

“For a certain time — say from twelve this noon, until six to-night, whenever any one of us says anything — no matter *where* or to *whom* — we will put in *accordingly* after every word. What do you say? It will sound rather queer, won’t it? But I reckon we shall get as much fun out of it as anybody.”

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The others at once caught the idea proposed, and readily agreed to it. Warren had a slight amendment to suggest, however.

"While we are about it, let's make it as funny as we can," said he. "There's nothing very funny about the word *accordingly*. Why not take some other word instead?"

"Well," assented Will. "Or — say we first take that and add something to it. Let's take *accordingly higglety pigglety*, for instance. Or, *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc*."

"Good!" pronounced Winchell. "And now let's shake hands on it — to make it more binding, you know."

So they all stood up together and clasped hands as solemnly as the Men of Uri.

"Understand now," said Will again. "From twelve o'clock this noon to six o'clock to-night."

"From twelve o'clock this noon to six o'clock to night" — repeated his comrades.

"We will say *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc*."

"We will say *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc*," echoed the Chorus.

"After every word we utter."

"After every word we utter."

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"Honor bright!" said Will.

"Honor bright!" declared the other two.

And when The Three Ws said "honor bright," you could depend upon them, be sure, though the very sky should tumble down.

An hour after that Winchell Holmes, sitting at the dinner-table at home, reached over and helped himself to a piece of corn-beef.

"Why don't you *ask* for things when you want them, Winchell?" said his mother, in some surprise. Winch made no reply.

"What's the matter with you to-day, Winchell?" Mrs. Holmes continued. "You haven't said a single word since we sat down."

Winch looked up and laughed, but still said nothing. Somehow or other, when the time came to do it, it was harder than he had thought to carry out the vow made in Squire Barnaby's barn-yard.

Before anything further could at this moment be said, however, there came a loud knock at the kitchen door. And then, when Mrs. Holmes opened it, there stood Hollis Roper, the town constable, with two or three persons just behind him.

"Is Winch here, Mrs. Holmes?" asked he. And then, seeing Winchell sitting at the table, he spoke directly to him. "You are wanted down ter ther

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town-clerk's office," he said. Court begins at half parst one *purcisely*."

"What's the matter?" exclaimed he. And then, suddenly recollecting himself, he added, half under his breath: "*Accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc!*"

"Nothin' — only you an' Warren an' Will Robeson hev ben inter Squire Barnaby's melon patch. Least-ways, so the Squire says. I've got the other two boys outside here. You'll hev ter come along at once. Court begins at harf-parst-one."

Winchell shut his teeth hard, and taking down his torn straw hat went out the door without a word. Warren and Will were in the yard and with them Jason Grant, Squire Barnaby's man-of-all-work. Will looked up at Winch as the latter took his place beside them.

"*Accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc,*" said he. At which all three of them laughed in spite of themselves, although immediately after they fell into a lugubrious silence as they were directed to "march along." Poor Mrs. Holmes stood in the door-way looking very much distressed; but Winch did not trust himself to say a single word to her. How could he with that terrible "*accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc,*" sticking in his throat.

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And for the same reason the three boys, after making one or two ineffectual attempts to discuss among themselves this unexpected turn of affairs, relapsed into silence, and would not even make answer when Hollis Roper spoke to them — at which he declared they were a grouty set, and he wouldn't wonder if they were guilty after all.

Arrived at the Court-room, they found the remainder of Queerclover village (a good part of the Queercloverians had joined them by the way) anxiously awaiting their appearance. Justice Peters sat at one end of his long table with a number of huge law books before him, and Squire Barnaby at his side. Justice Peters was a retired attorney who had degenerated into a country Justice of the Peace. He was known to be rather an obstinate old gentleman. Indeed, people of the village (by no means lacking in intelligence,) had been heard to speak of him as "pig-headed," a word perhaps more expressive than elegant. And a local wit had once declared that Justice Peters was like *necessity* — in that he "knew no law."

Justice Peters called the "Court" (which consisted entirely of himself so far as lawyers were concerned) to order as soon as the prisoners arrived,

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and began the trial at once in a manner and method quite his own.

“Ahem!” the Justice began, ominously clearing his throat. “The first witness for the State is Squire Barnaby. Squire Barnaby hold up your right hand.”

The Squire was accordingly put upon his oath and then the Court proceeded to question him.

“What is your name?”

“Erastus T. Barnaby.”

“Erastus *T.* Barnaby?”

“Erastus *Timothy* Barnaby,” explained the Squire.

“Very well! Very well!” uttered the Justice.

“You have a melon-patch, Squire Barnaby? — O, by the way, what is your occupation?”

“I am a farmer,” said the Squire, “and I *have* a melon-patch.”

“One thing at a time, Squire Barnaby,” put in the Justice. “One thing at a time, if you please. You are a farmer, you say?”

“Yes,” nodded the Squire.

“And you have a melon-patch?”

“Yes.”

“Ah! Very well! Very well! So far so good! Any melons on your melon-patch, Squire Barnaby?”

“Not so many as there were this morning!”

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burst out the Squire, his feelings here at once taking entire possession of him and causing him to grow quite red in the face.

“Ah!” said the justice. “And how is that, Squire Barnaby?”

Whereupon, with various interruptions and a “Hum!” and “Ha!” now and then from the Court, the Squire went on to relate that he had only a short time before found the tell-tale remains of at least *one* of his own water-melons lying on the grass in his own barn-yard. He knew it was one of his own melons because of a peculiar way of *tapping* them that he had—and on examining one of the pieces of rind found, he had perceived that he himself must have tapped it.

“Did you bring the piece of rind with you, Squire Barnaby?” questioned the Court.

“No,” said the Squire, “I threw it to the hogs.”

“Ah!” uttered the Court. “Very sorry for that—very sorry! Have you any idea who took your melon, Squire Barnaby?”

“Yes,” cried the Squire. “Them three boys there—they took it.” And he pointed to the three prisoners, who had been all this time standing, silent and rather disturbed where they had been first placed.

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"That will do. That will do, Squire Barnaby," said the Court with an air of satisfaction. "We'll call the next witness."

The next witness was Jason Grant. Jason also, was rigidly interrogated as to his name, age, occupation, prospects, and numerous other points all bearing, of course, directly upon the case in court. Indeed, all these questions had to be asked and answered *twice* since the Court suddenly recollected, after a few minute's examination of the witness, that the customary oath had been forgotten, so that it became necessary to go back and begin over again after this had been properly administered.

Jason Grant was a very laconic and positive individual ; and his testimony, when at last his learned examiner came to the case itself, was directly to the point and very damaging to our three young friends. Condensed, and freed from the constant and irrelevant remarks and interruptions of Justice Peters, it amounted to the following :

Jason, who was, as has been said, Squire Barnaby's man-of-all-work, had been in the barn back of the Squire's house that morning — somewhere about eleven o'clock he thought, and, going up into the mow to pitch down some hay for the cattle, the sound of voices had come in to him through the open win-

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dow of the barn. To this window he had, accordingly, quietly made his way, and looking out, had seen the three prisoners, William Robeson and Warren and Winchell Holmes, sitting on the grass outside and eating a water-melon. They were talking freely and he could hear distinctly what they said. They used Squire Barnaby's name and were speaking of his melons. Indeed, the first words he understood were these, spoken by Winch Holmes : — "got it from the Squire's melon-patch." Jason did not catch the first part of this sentence, but these words he did hear distinctly ; and he inferred at once that it was the melon they were eating that the boys had got from the Squire's melon-patch. He had then listened closely to what followed, long enough to assure himself that this inference was correct. Will Robeson had said that "the Squire did raise first-rate melons" and wondered when his Japanese melons would be ripe. And then he had said — Jason remembered these words exactly too — "He *deserves* to have his melons stolen, he is so mean about 'em." And then Winch had said that "Stolen fruit was always the sweetest," and Will had replied, "That accounts for *this* one's being so sweet," at which they had all three laughed heartily. After that, the subject was changed ; and after waiting and

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listening a few moments longer to see if any more was said about the melon, the witness had crept cautiously away again and reported the matter to the Squire.

There was a decided sensation in the court-room as Jason finished his testimony; and everybody looked disapprovingly upon our three heroes, and murmurs of "*of course* they're guilty" — and "they might as well own up" — and many like expressions ran around the room. The Justice rapped on the table with great dignity and called everybody to order.

"That closes the case for the prosecution," said he. "Now, young gentlemen, we will hear what *you* have to say." And he looked severely at the prisoners.

The latter, however, did not seem to have anything at all to say for themselves. They sat silent and shame-faced with all eyes upon them.

"Winchell Holmes, we will hear you first," Justice Peters went on. "What have you to say?"

Winch looked up with a big lump in his throat feeling that he must say something.

"Nothing," he began; and then he thought of his vow and his face flushed up and his tongue stammered as he blurted out:

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"Nothing but, *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc.*"

Justice Peters looked at the lad in astonishment. "I must say that is a novel plea to make," exclaimed he. And then, beginning to think that Winch was making fun of him, he said severely, "You may sit down, sir. We'll see if your companions make the same defense. Warren Holmes, what have you to say?"

Poor Warren, of much the same temperament as his cousin, and now even more demoralized than Winchell by what had just passed, made not a bit better work with his answer.

"Only—*accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc*"—he murmured, and in a voice so low and tremulous that it could hardly have been heard but for the deep silence that prevailed throughout the room.

Justice Peters brought the Statute Law of Massachusetts down upon the table with a tremendous *bang* and looked at the prisoners, scarcely able to believe his ears. "William Robeson," cried he, "let us hear if your senses have deserted you also! *Are you guilty of this charge, or not guilty?*"

Will looked straight at the Court and cleared his throat. He had rather more assurance than his two comrades, and, being questioned last, he had more

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time to collect himself. He meant to do the best he could and still not violate his vow. So he began to speak distinctly and slowly.

"Not *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc* guilty *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc!*" said he. And then he paused, almost frightened at his own words and hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS!" now fairly shouted the exasperated Justice.

"Are you all crazy? I declare you guilty, every one of you, of feloniously stealing and eating one of Squire Barnaby's water-melons. You are fined five dollars each and costs. The Court is adjourned!"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute, Justice Peters," at this instant a shrill voice was heard to cry out. And then, all at once, there was Miss Patience Polycarp making her way through the crowd to the table.

"There's one more witness on t'other side," said she. "An' that's *me*."

And then, without the formality of any oath and with no show of question or objection from the amazed magistrate, Miss Polycarp proceeded to relate to the Court how she herself had given the boys their melon, which was one she had only the day be-

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fore purchased, cash down, of Squire Erastus Barnaby.

The sensation caused in court, by this announcement, can be better imagined than described. Nor will we take space to describe — what, as a matter of course, followed — the acquittal of The Three W's and their immediate discharge from custody.

The people all crowded around them now to congratulate them ; but they answered always by smiles and looks rather than words, and as soon as was possible made their way off into the adjacent fields by themselves.

“CONFOUND *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc!*” exclaimed Winchell, as soon as they were alone.

“Agreed! *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc,*” said Warren. And then they all three burst out laughing with all their might.

It was plain however, that any satisfactory discussion of the matter between them was as good as impossible with that awful “*accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc,*” leaping out of their mouths at every word, like the diamonds and toads in the fairy story ; so they finally, by tacit consent, went and sat down under the trees on the edge of the Pond, where Winchell stretched himself on his back and went to

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sleep, Will read a newspaper he had in his pocket, and Warren fished with a pin in the water. And so, slowly and painfully, the long afternoon wore away.

The instant the village clock began striking six, Will came to his feet with a bound.

“Are you fellows coming?” demanded he.

“Where?” was the astonished question.

“You’ll see!” said Will; and he started off toward the road at a rapid pace, followed by his companions. He led them straight to Squire Barnaby’s front door and gave the rapper a jerk. The Squire himself answered the summons.

Will bowed gravely.

“I don’t wish to be disrespectful, Squire Barnaby,” said he, “but I’ve got just *this* to say and I mean it when I say it. If you ever accuse three honest boys of stealing your melons again, I’ll have you taken to court and tried, convicted and *hung* for it! I will as sure as *accordingly higglety pigglety hic haec hoc!*”

And then, having worked himself into a fine rage, Will shook his fist full in the disconcerted farmer’s face.

After which, The Three W’s turned away and went home to supper, much relieved.

A CASE OF COINCIDENCE.



IN AMELIA'S MOB CAP.

SHE was a queer old lady, was Grandmother Grant ; she was not a bit like other grandmothers ; she was short and fat and rosy as a winter apple, with a

great deal of snow-white hair set up in a big puff on top of her head, and eyes as black as huckleberries, always puckered up with smiles or laughter.

A CASE OF COINCIDENCE.

She never would wear a cap.

"I can't be bothered with 'em!" she said: and when Amelia Rutledge, who was determined her grandma should, as she said, "look half-way decent," made her two beautiful little mob caps, soft and fluffy, and each with a big satin bow, one lavender and one white, put on to show where the front was, Grandma never put them on right; the bow was over one ear or behind, or the cap itself was awry, and in the end she pulled them off and stuck them on a china jar in the parlor, or a tin canister on the kitchen shelf, and left them there till flies and dust ruined them.

"Amelia's as obstinate as a pig!" said the old lady: "she would have me wear 'em, and I wouldn't!"

That was all, but it was enough; not a grandchild ever made her another cap. Moreover Grandmother Grant always dressed in one fashion; she had a calico dress for morning and a black silk for the afternoon, made with an old-fashioned surplice waist, with a thick plaited ruff about her throat; she sometimes tied a large white apron on, but only when she

A CASE OF COINCIDENCE.

went into the kitchen ; and she wore a pocket as big as three of yours, Matilda, tied on underneath and reached through a slit in her gown. Therein she



MRS. MARIA FINDS THE LOST SPECS.

kept her keys, her smelling-bottle, her pocket-book, her handkerchief and her spectacles, a bit of flag-root and some liquorice stick. I mean when I say

A CASE OF COINCIDENCE.

this, that all these things belonged in her pocket, and she meant to keep them there; but it was one peculiarity of the dear old lady, that she always lost her necessary conveniences, and lost them every day.

"Maria!" she would call out to her daughter in the next room, "have you seen my spectacles?"

"No, mother; when did you have them?"

"Five minutes ago, darning Harry's stockings; but never mind, there's another pair in the basket."

In half an hour when Gerty came into her room for something she needed, Grandmother would say:

"Gerty, do look on the floor and see if my specs lie anywhere around."

Gerty couldn't find them, and then Grandma would say:

"Probably they dropped out on the grass under the window, you can see when you go down; but give me my gold pair out of my upper drawer."

And when Mrs. Maria went to call her mother down to dinner she would find her hunting all about the room, turning her cushions over, peering into the wood-basket, shaking out the silk quilt, and say "What is it you want, mother?"

A CASE OF COINCIDENCE.

“My specs, dear. I can’t find one pair.”

“But there are three on your head now!” and Grandma would sit down and laugh till she shook all over, as if it were the best joke in the world to push your spectacles up over the short white curls on your forehead, one pair after another, and forget all about them.

She mislaid her handkerchief still oftener. Gerty would sometimes pick up six of these useful articles in one day where the old lady dropped them as she went about the house; but the most troublesome of all her habits was a way she had of putting her pocket-book in some queer place every night, or if ever she left home in the day-time, and then utterly forgetting where she had secreted it from the burglars or thieves she had all her life expected.

The house she lived in was her own, but Doctor White who had married her daughter Maria, rented it of her, and the rent paid her board; she had a thousand dollars a year beside, half of which she reserved for her dress and her charities, keeping the other half for her Christmas gifts to her children and grandchildren. There were ten of these last, and

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the ten always needed something. Gerty White, the Doctor's daughter, was twelve years old; she had three brothers: Tom, John, and Harry, all older than she was. Mrs. Rutledge, who had been Annie Grant, was a widow with three daughters—Sylvia, Amelia and Anne, all young ladies now out in society and always glad of new dresses, gloves, bonnets, ribbons, lace, and the thousand small fineries girls never have to their full satisfaction. There were Thomas Grant's two girls of thirteen and fifteen, Rosamond and Kate, and his little boy Hal, crippled in his babyhood so that he must always go on crutches, but as bright and happy as Grandma herself, and her prime favorite.

Now it was Grandma's way to draw her money out of the bank two weeks before Christmas, and go into Boston with Mrs. White to buy all the things she had previously thought over for these ten and their parents; and one winter she had made herself all ready to take the ten-o'clock train, and had just taken her pocket-book out of the drawer when she was called down-stairs to see a poor woman who had come begging for some clothes for her husband.

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"Come right up stairs, Mrs. Slack," said Grandma. "I don't have many applications for men's things, so I guess there's a coat of Mr. Grant's put away in the camphor chest, and maybe a vest or so; you sit right down by my fire whilst I go up garret and look."

It took Grandma some time to find the clothes under all the shawls and blankets in the chest, and when she had given them to Mrs. Slack she had to hurry to the station with her daughter, and the cars being on the track they did not stop to get tickets, but were barely in time to find seats when the train rolled off. The conductor came round in a few minutes and Grandma put her hand in her pocket, suddenly turned pale, opened her big satchel and turned out all its contents, stood up and shook her dress, looked on the floor, and when Mrs. White said in amazement, "What *is* the matter mother?" she answered curtly, "I've lost my pocket-book."

"Was it in your pocket?" asked Maria.

"Yes; at least I s'pose so : I certainly took it out of my drawer, for I noticed how heavy 'twas; that new cashier gave me gold for most of it, you see."

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“You’d have known then if you dropped it on the way, mother.”

“I should think so : any way, I can’t go to Boston without it ! we may as well stop at the next station and go back.”

So back they went ; asked at the ticket office if any such thing had been picked up on the platform, and leaving a description of it, went rather forlornly back to the house. Here a terrible upturning of everything took place ; drawers were emptied, cupboards ransacked, trunks explored, even the camphor chest examined to its depths, and everything in it shaken out.

“You don’t suspect Mrs. Slack?” inquired Maria.

“Sally Slack ! no, indeed. I’ve known her thirty year, Maria ; she’s honest as the daylight.”

Still Maria thought it best to send for Mrs. Slack and inquire if she had seen it when she was at the house.

“Certain, certain !” answered the good woman. “I see Mis’ Grant hev it into her hand when she went up charmber ; I hedn’t took no notice of it before but she spoke up an’ says she, ‘I’ll go right up

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now, Mis' Slack, for I'm in some of a hurry, bein' that I'm a goin' in the cars to Bosstown for to buy our folkses' Christmas things; so then I took notice 't she hed a pocket-book into her hand."

This was valuable testimony, and Mrs. Slack's face of honest concern and sympathy showed her innocence in the matter. Next day there was an advertisement put in the paper, for the family concluded Grandma must have dropped her money in the street going to the station, but the advertisement proved as fruitless as the search, and for once in her life the dear old lady was downcast enough.

"The first time I never gave 'em a thing on Christmas! I do feel real downhearted about it, Maria. There's Annie's three girls lotted so on their gloves an' nicknacks for parties this winter, for I was goin' to give them gold pieces so 's they could get what they wanted sort of fresh when they *did* want it; and poor Gerty's new cloak!"

"Oh, never mind that, mother. I can sponge and turn and fix over the old one; a plush collar and cuffs will make it all right."

"But there's the boys. Tom did want that set of

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tools and a bench for 'em ; and I reckoned on seeing Harry's eyes shine over a real New-foundland dog. That makes me think ; won't you write to that man in New York ? I've changed my mind about the dog. And Jack can't go to Thomas's now for vacation ; oh dear ! ”

“ *Don't* worry, mother,” said Maria ; but Grandma went on.

“ Kate and Rosy too, they won't get their seal muffs and caps, and dear little Hal ! how he will long for the books I promised him. It's real trying, Maria ! ” and Grandma wiped a tear from her eyes, a most unusual symptom.

But it was her way to make the best of things, and she sat down at once to tell Thomas of her loss, and then put it out of her mind as well as she might.

It spoke well for all those ten grandchildren that they each felt far more sorry for Grandmother Grant's disappointment than their own, and all resolved to give her a present much nicer and more expensive than ever before, pinching a little on their other gifts to this end ; and because they had to spare from their other presents for this laudable purpose, it was natu-

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ral enough that not one should tell another what they meant to send her, lest it should seem too extravagant in proportion to what the rest of the family received. Christmas morning the arrival began. The stocking of Grandpa's which Gerty had insisted on hanging to the knob of Grandma's door was full, and when she came down to breakfast she brought it with her still unsearched, that the family might enjoy her surprise.

At the top a square parcel tied with blue ribbon was marked "from Gerty," and proved to be a little velvet porte-monnaie.

"Dear child! how thoughtful!" said Grandma, giving her a kiss, and not observing that the Doctor looked funnily at Mrs. White across the table.

The next package bore John's name and disclosed a pocket-book of Russia leather.

"So useful!" said Grandma, with a twinkle of gratitude in her kind old eyes.

Harry emitted a long low whistle, and his eyes shone as the next paper parcel with his name on it showed an honest black leather pocket-book with a steel clasp.

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Grandma had to laugh. Doctor White roared, and Tom looked a little rueful as his bundle produced another wallet as like to Harry's as two peas in a pod:

"Dear boys!" said Grandma, shaking like a liberal bowl of jelly with the laughter she tried to suppress in vain; but it was the boys' turn to shout as further explorations into the foot of the old blue stocking brought up a lovely seal-skin wallet from their mother, and a voluminous yellow leather one from the Doctor.

"'Six' souls with but a single thought

'Six' hearts that beat as one ; "

misquoted Mrs. Maria, and a chorus of laughter that almost rattled the windows followed her. They were still holding their sides and bursting out afresh every other minute, when pretty Sylvia Rutledge sailed into the dining-room with a delicate basket in her hand.

"Merry Christmas!" said she, "but you seem to have it already."

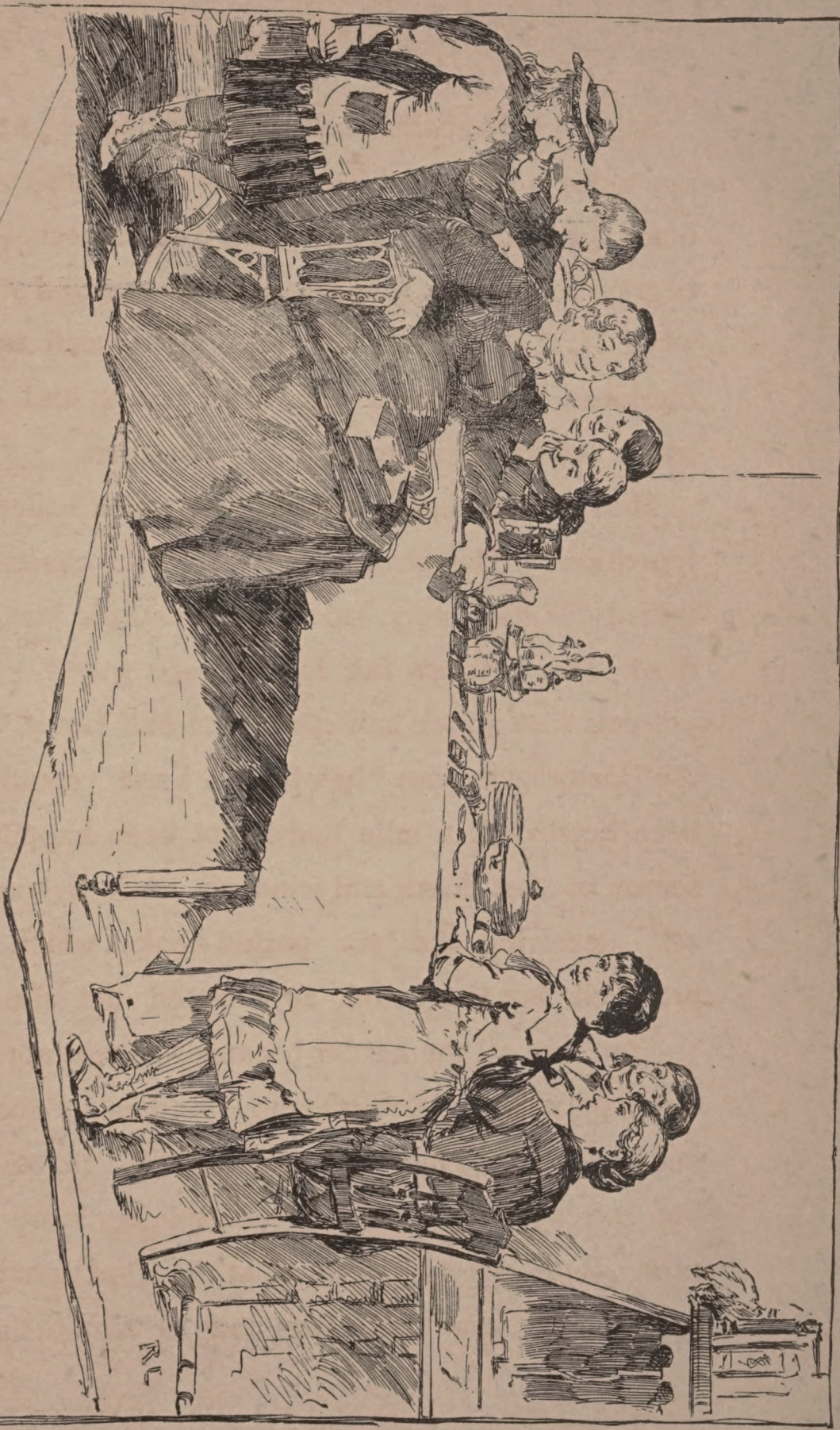
The boys all rushed at once to explain.

"Wait a minute," said she, "till I have given Grandma her gifts," and she produced successively from her basket four parcels.

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Sylvia's held another velvet porte-monnaie; Annie's contained a second of hand-painted kid, daisies on a black ground; and Amelia's was a third pocket-book of gray canvas with Russia leather corners and straps; while Mrs. Rutledge's tiny packet produced an old-fashioned short purse with steel fringe and clasp which she had knit herself for her mother.

How can words tell the laughter which hailed this repetition? The boys rolled off their chairs and roared till their very sides ached; tears streamed down Mrs. White's fair face; Grace gazed at the presents with a look half rueful and half funny, while the Doctor's vigorous "haw! haw! haw!" could have been heard half a mile had it not been happily the season of shut doors and windows, while Sylvia herself perceiving the six pocket-books which had preceded her basketful, appreciated the situation and laughed all the harder because she was not tired with a previous fit of mirth, and Grandma sat shaking and chuckling in her chair, out of breath to be sure, but her face rosy and her eyes shining more than ever. Suddenly a loud knock at the front door interrupted their laughter. Tom ran to admit the in-



GRANDMA HAD TO LAUGH. DOCTOR WHITE ROARED.

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truder; it was the expressman with a box from New York directed in uncle Tom's hand to Mrs. J. G. Grant.

"Something better than pocket-books this time, mother!" said the Doctor, as Tom ran for the screw-driver; but alas! the very first bundle that rolled out and fell heavily to the floor, proved when picked up to be indeed another pocket-book, cornered and clasped with silver, and grandma's initials on the clasp; beautiful as the gift was it was thrust aside with a certain impatience, for the next package, labelled "from Rosamond," but opened only to display the very counterpart of Amelia's gift; and a paper box with Kate's script outside held the recurrent pocket-book again in black velvet and gilt corners, while a little carved white-wood box, the work of Hal's patient fingers, showed within its lid a purse of silvered links which had cost all his year's savings.

This was the last touch. Hitherto their curiosity as one thing was displayed after another, had kept them in a sort of bubbling quiet, but this final development was too much; they laughed so loud and so long that old Hannah, hurrying from the kitchen and opening the door to see what was the

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matter, looked thunderstruck as she beheld the whole family shaking, choking, rolling about or holding on to each other in roars of side-splitting laughter, while fourteen purses and pocket-books made the breakfast table look like a fancy fair.

"I thought I heard a crackling of thorns, as scripter says," she growled. "Be you a going to set up a fancy store, Mis' White?"

"Bring in breakfast, Hannah," said the Doctor, recovering himself. "It's a melancholy truth that we can't eat pocket-books!"

For the satisfaction of the curious I must explain that the next May, when a certain old clock on the landing of the garret stairs was taken down to be put in order and made into a household god after the modern rage for such things, right under it lay Grandma's pocket-book intact.

"Well, now I remember!" said the astonished old lady, who never did remember where she had hidden anything till somebody else found it.

"I was goin' up to the chest to get out those things of husband's for Sally Slack, and I thought I wouldn't leave my pocket-book in my room, 'twould be putting

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temptation in her way, which isn't really right if a person is ever so honest ; we're all frail as you may say when our time comes, and I didn't have my cloak on to put it in the pocket, and my under pocket was full, so I just slipped it under the clock case as I went up, feeling certin sure I should remember it because I never put it there before."

But the family voted that no harm had been done after all, for next Christmas the Rutledge girls each had a lovely silk party dress from the double fund ; Sylvia's cloak was mated by the prettiest hat and muff ; Tom had his wild desire for a bicycle fulfilled ; Harry owned a real gold watch which was far better than a dog ; and Jack's ten gold eagles took him in the spring to Niagara and down the St. Lawrence, a journey never to be forgotten. Kate and Rosamond had their sealskin caps with muffs, gloves and velvet skirts to correspond with and supplement their last year's jackets ; and Hal not only had his precious books, but a bookcase for them, and the pocket-books were re-distributed among their givers ; so that in the end good and not evil came of Grandma's losing her *Christmas* pocket-book !

THE APOTHECARY'S VAL- ENTINE.

IT was a lonely house for a child to live in — only papa, who had been ill for many months, little Ida herself, the ten-year-old mistress of the establishment, and Mrs. Libby the housekeeper. Across the street the postman had been ringing all day. Ida watching at the window, with a piece of red flannel around her throat, had seen little lads and lassies slipping envelopes under the doors; then small girls, and sometimes big girls, came out on the steps, looked up and down the street, and smiled as if they were very much pleased.

“Why do they get so many letters to-day?” asked Ida timidly.

Mrs. Libby was cleaning the nursery closet, and answered shortly: “Those are valentines; come away from the window. You’ll get cold.”

THE APOTHECARY'S VALENTINE.

"Valentines," said Ida thoughtfully to herself; "I wonder what that is."

She slipped down to the library and dragged the V encyclopædia beside the register. Ida had long since adopted the plan of looking up Mrs. Libby's replies in papa's library. The child's head bent over the page: "Valentines — a declaration of affection between two people, sent on St. Valentine's Day, the fourteenth of February."

"A valentine must be something very nice," thought Ida, "the children over the way were so happy; I wish I could send one, but I only know Mrs. Libby." And with a sigh, she put the heavy book back. Mrs. Libby came down stairs with her bonnet and shawl on, and Ida, taking a small purse from her pocket, asked, "Will you please to buy a valentine?"

"What for?"

"For me to give to you."

"Nonsense! Little girls don't send valentines to old women like me. Keep your ten cents to put in the box, when you get well enough to go to church."

Ida sat still a long time after this. She wanted to be like other little girls, but all the little girls she had

THE APOTHECARY'S VALENTINE.

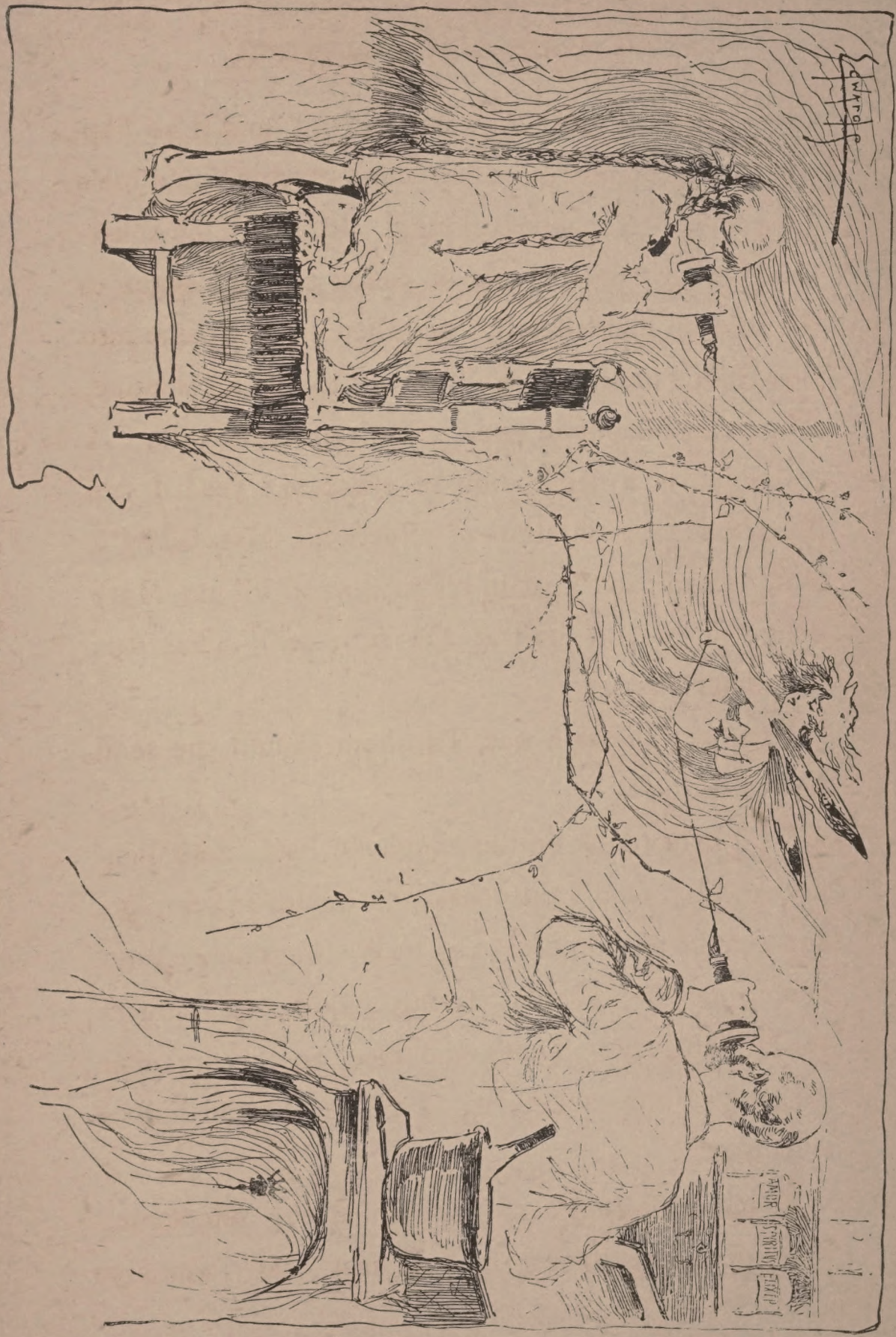
ever known intimately, were in books, and it so happened that none of these had ever spoken of Valentine's Day. The telephone bell rang. Ida heard the housemaid order "five pounds of coffee crushed sugar to be sent up immediately," and then an idea came into the child's mind: "I can't go out to buy a valentine, but I can telephone one." She repeated again, "A valentine is a declaration of affection; yes! I can telephone a declaration of affection. Mrs. Libby is out. Papa can't hear in his room, and I'll get Mary to go down and look at the furnace." Thus Ida made her plans.

The next question was, To whom should she send her valentine?

"I'd better look on the telephone list. Seth Bennet, M. D. That's the doctor who comes to see papa and me; he wouldn't be in — he is always out. John Dixon, grocer; Thomas Irving, baker; oh, here is R. H. Whitney! That's the nice apothecary man who brings the medicines. I'd like to send him a valentine."

Richard Whitney's clerk stood at the telephone. Messages were coming in very fast that February

"I DO NOT UNDERSTAND," SAID THE APOTHECARY.



THE APOTHECARY'S VALENTINE.

afternoon. Sam Jones, the under clerk, was putting up the packages : "One porous plaster for Mrs. Lewis. Two ounces pulverized slippery elm bark, sent immediately to 19 Spruce St. Some one wants to speak to Mr. Whitney." "All right," he shouted back through the telephone. "He's in the back shop ; I'll call him."

There was a smell of chloroform in the back shop. Mr. Whitney, on top of a step ladder, was preparing a prescription.

"A lady wants to speak to you, sir," said the clerk.

"Couldn't she give the message ? "

"Said she couldn't."

Mr. Whitney went to the telephone and called "What's wanted ? "

To his astonished ears came back : "I send you a declaration of affection."

"I do not understand," said the apothecary, not quite sure of his hearing.

The message was repeated, each word very distinct.

"Who is it ? "

"Your Valentine."

Sam Jones, judging from the expression of Mr.

THE APOTHECARY'S VALENTINE.

Whitney's face that it was a case of strangling, convulsions, or poisoning, had taken down his hat ready to run. "No matter, Sam," said his employer, returning to the chloroform atmosphere of the back shop. It could not be a joke; the voice was too sweet and true. A child's voice — a little girl's, he thought — but he did not know any little girls. It might be one of the orphans at the asylum — probably was. Every Christmas Richard Whitney had been in the habit of sending a number of small bottles of cologne to the large brick house over the way. He did it from principle, not from any acquaintance with the children.

Valentine's evening there was an exhibition at the asylum. Richard Whitney went. "Such a kind gentleman," said the matron; "he spoke to every child."

Then the public school examinations took place. Richard Whitney attended them all.

He became a Sunday-school superintendent; next he got his sister to give a little girls' party.

"Mr. Whitney has grown awful fond of children all of a sudden," said the head clerk to the second clerk. Ah, but no one knew he was listening for the voice

THE APOTHECARY'S VALENTINE.

of his valentine. The apothecary and Ida's papa were old friends ; of late years they had seldom met, but these last months of Mr. Hammond's illness had brought them together again. Ida was a shy child and kept out of the way of visitors. The apothecary was not aware that he had ever seen her.

One April afternoon he met a womanly little girl coming down-stairs with a tray in her hand. "Miss Ida, I suppose," he said passing her. Ida nodded gravely, and as Richard Whitney looked over the balustrade he thought, "What a lonely life for a child ! I wonder if she goes out much ! I will give her a drive to-morrow."

Mr. Hammond was very weak that night, and when Richard Whitney bending over him, asked, "John, will you trust your little daughter to me ?" the only reply was a tighter clasp of the hand.

Early the next morning Sam Jones left a parcel of gum-drops and a note for Miss Ida Hammond. Presently the telephone bell rang and the head clerk said again, "A lady wishes to speak to you."

The message was simply this : "Thank you very much ; I cannot go — papa is worse."

THE APOTHECARY'S VALENTINE.

Richard Whitney started. It was the voice he had waited so long to hear. "Why, it's Hammond's little girl," he said, hurrying down the street. "Poor child!"

Papa died a few days later, leaving his little daughter in the care of his old friend; and now, every day, a child in a black dress comes into the shop, to walk home with uncle Richard.

"Wonder why he calls her Valentine; thought her name was Ida," said the head clerk.

"Perhaps Valentine is her middle name," suggested Sam Jones.

"That must be it," said the head clerk; "yes, that must certainly be the reason."

MR. TENNYSON'S FAIRIES.

I CALL them Mr. Tennyson's fairies, because the people on the Isle of Wight, where this great poet lives, call them his. But of course he does not own them. Indeed, I doubt if ever he saw them. But I saw them once. Indeed I did, and I will tell you all about how it happened. I am sure it will amuse you, for I doubt if you can find another six-foot man with a full big beard on his face and with all his senses about him, who can truly say that he has seen a fairy. Of course some children have seen fairies; or at least thought so. And no doubt some very good and honest women have also. But surely not another big-bearded man who has twice sailed around this world, can be found who can boldly and truly say that he has seen Mr. Tennyson's fairies.

You must know this greatest of all living poets lives on the green grassy end of his Island, just

MR. TENNYSON'S FAIRIES.

under the shadow of a smooth round hill that looks out over the sea, with a great flag staff on it and nothing else.

So this gives the fairies a great chance to meet there and dance on the green grassy knoll looking down on the poet's house.

Well, about twelve years ago I left the mountains of Oregon and went straight to England. The very first thing I did I went to where Robert Burns had lived and was buried ; then I went to see the grave of Byron, and then I went to see if I could get a peep at Mr. Tennyson on his green little island.

I was very timid and quite alone and unknown, and so I did not dare to call on him or go nearer his house than the gate.

So I looked over the little gate at the red flowers set in little beds on either side the road that ran up toward the house, about a hundred steps away. The house stood in the midst of green fir and pine-trees, so that I could see but little of it. It seemed to be a small house. I heard carpenters at work hammering very hard and fast. Perhaps they were building a bigger house or making some addition

MR. TENNYSON'S FAIRIES.

to this modest little one half hidden among the trees.

I remember wondering how in the world Mr. Tennyson could write his beautiful poems with such work going on about his ears. And I remember thinking too, that if I were he and had that little house I would love it just as it was. And then I thought, perhaps his wife or boys wanted a bigger house, and so had called in the noisy carpenters.

I stood there quite a time, and then as I did not see any one, I thought I would open the gate and go up the path to the house and get one of the carpenters' chips of the poet's house.

I got the gate open and started up the path with a beating heart, for I was shy and frightened all the time, and if I had seen Mr. Tennyson, I surely should have run away very fast.

As I went up the garden and got near the house, I saw a man coming from among the trees. He had a scythe on his arm, and no doubt was the gardener. I stopped when I saw him, and when I saw that he was coming down the path toward me, I turned and ran with all my might down to the gate and out and down the lane.

MR. TENNYSON'S FAIRIES.

Of course the poet would have been very kind to me if I had been bold enough to go up to the house and call quietly, and say how much I wanted to see him. But I was too timid and shy then.

I once saw it stated 'n the newspapers, that I was spending the summer with him at that little house But that was a mistake. I have never been inside the gate since the time I ran away with all my might down the lane.

Well, I went back to my inn, in the village near by, feeling more proud at having seen the home of Tennyson than if I had dined with the Queen. I asked the people about the inn a thousand things, and they had only kind words to say of the quiet and thoughtful poet in the little house among the trees under the round green hill that looks out upon the sea, an —

The fairies? Oh, yes!

Well, the stout, red, fat man with a double chin, who brought me my chop and tea, as it was growing dusk, told me that Mr. Tennyson's fairies would be out to dance on the round grassy hill that night, for it was the full of the moon, and it was a very bright and beautiful moon too.

MR. TENNYSON'S FAIRIES.

I listened to all he said about fairies very thoughtfully. Then when all was still and most of the people had gone to bed, I put on my cloak and walked out, and up on the green round hill overlooking the great sea to the west, and sat down on the highest point.

The moon rode like a lonesome ship in the vast blue heavens above, and the sea beneath was like silver.

I was very tired, and so drew my cloak about me and lay down on my breast, with my chin in my upturned palms.

I thought of many things: of my parents, thousands and thousands of miles away, of the great poet, in the little house amid the trees just under the hill; and of the future.

Suddenly I heard little feet. Patter! patter! patter! The little feet stopped, then they started faster than ever. Then I saw something run past me and around me and around and around. Then there were two! Then three! Then four! Then a dozen or more!

At first I let my face fall down and hide in my cloak. I am not afraid of bears or any big thing

MR. TENNYSON'S FAIRIES.

like that. But I tell you when fairies no taller than your knee, come out at midnight and make up their minds to dance around you as if you were a sort of Jack-in-the-green — well, I think the bravest of you would drop your face and hide it for a minute or two.

After a while I did not hear them running, and so I lifted my head and peeped out.

There they stood on their hind legs in the fairy ring all around me. They seemed to be bowing to each other as if they were about to begin a dance.

I could see one big fellow as high as my knee, lay his hand on his white breast and bow gravely to his little lady to the right.

The little lady would bend and courtesy back very beautifully. She seemed to be in a ball dress with a very low neck. There was a great big white spot on her pretty little breast. She seemed to be wearing a queer little bonnet, which flopped and fluttered as she courtesied ; and the great big fellow bowed before her with his hand on his heart, again and again.

And oh, but wasn't I frightened ! I started to scramble up and run. I am no coward surely, for I don't mind wolves or wildcats or even a few dozen

MR. TENNYSON'S FAIRIES.

bears. But I was never so frightened before as I was at these fairies.

But as I sprang to my feet and started to run, what do you think? Eh! Why, dozens of big fat white rabbits darted off in every direction, quite as badly frightened as I was. And these big white-breasted rabbits were Mr. Tennyson's Fairies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORIGINALITY. By Elias Nason. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$.50. Mr. Nason has here made a reply to Wendell Phillips' "Lost Arts," which is well worth reading for its point and suggestiveness. He endeavors to show the meaning of the word, and what important results have come from the originating powers of a few bright men since the beginning of civilization. He takes up, one by one, the points made by Mr. Phillips in his famous lecture, and shows on what slight grounds they rest, and of how little weight they really are when examined and analyzed. Mr. Nason does not believe that any of the useful arts have been lost. The ancients had few to lose. They made glass, but they did not know how to use it. They could embalm dead bodies; but of what use were embalmed dead bodies? They had some knowledge of mathematics, but a school-boy's arithmetic to-day contains more mathematical knowledge than has come out of all the exhumed cities of the Orient. There were more marvels of art displayed at the Centennial exhibition than in the ancient world for twenty centuries. Mr. Nason insists that the æsthetical productions of the ancients have been vastly over-estimated. The periods of Demosthenes," he says, "yield in Titanic force to the double-compact sentences of Daniel Webster. Mr. Phillips himself has sometimes spoken more eloquently than Cicero. Homer never rises to the sublimity of John Milton." The world grows wiser and better. Age by age, it has been developing its resources and adding pearl to pearl to the diadem of its wisdom; sometimes slower, sometimes quicker, but always upward and onward. Mr. Nason writes in a fresh and sparkling style, and the thousands who have listened with rapt attention to Mr. Phillips' eloquent presentation of his side of the question will find equal pleasure and greater profit in reading this charming essay, which is equally eloquent and unquestionably sounder in its conclusions.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS. By Phebe A. Hanaford. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. A life of Dickens, written by a popular author and upon a new plan, will be sure to meet with favor at the hands of the public. Mrs. Hanaford has not attempted to write a critical and original analysis of the great author from her own point of view, but, while sketching the main incidents of his life, has quoted liberally from his works to illustrate his genius, and from the correspondence and writings of his personal friends to show the estimation in which he was held by them as a man, a philanthropist and a Christian. The volume commends itself to every lover of Dickens, and deserves to be widely known and read.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. By Samuel Woodworth. Quarto Holiday edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Of all the illustrated quarto presentation books yet issued, this is by all odds the most artistic and tasteful. The art of the designer, engraver and printer has in turn been exhausted to bring it as near perfection as possible. The drawings are from the skilful pencil of Miss Humphrey, and represent her best work. The engraving is by W. N. Closson, whose reputation in that line is equal to that of any other man in the country, and the printing is from new type on heavy paper with broad margins and gilt edges. In general style and binding the volume is uniform with *The Ninety and Nine, Drifting*, etc.

THE STORY OF FOUR ACORNS. By Alice B. Engle. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. Children who like fairy stories will find in this handsome volume a fountain of delight. The author possesses rare talent for interesting the young, and has here turned it to the best advantage. She has furnished a fascinating story, and has ingeniously woven into it bits of poetry and song from famous authors which will find easy entrance into the mind and create an appetite for more. The illustrations are among Miss Lathbury's best, and do their part toward making the volume attractive.

A capital idea is represented in the new book, *Historic Pictures*, suggested by the success of last season's volume, *Write Your Own Stories*. It consists of a collection of pictures illustrating places and events of historic interest, thirty in number, with three blank pages after each picture, which are to be utilized by the boys and girls in writing an account of the incidents which have made the various places famous. The publishers offer a series of cash prizes for competitors, the lists to remain open until July 1, 1882. The one who sends the best series of stories or historical descriptions of the pictures, will receive \$25.00; the author of the second best, \$15.00, and the third in point of excellence, \$10.00.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND EXPLORATIONS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL. D. By John S. Roberts. Including Extracts from Dr. Livingstone's Last Journal. By Rev. E. A. Manning, with Portrait on steel and illustrations. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. So long as there exists in the human mind an admiration for heroism in a good cause, for courage under extraordinary difficulties, for inflexible perseverance in the face of obstacles seemingly insurmountable, and for faith remaining unshaken amidst disheartening surroundings, so long will the memory of David Livingstone be held in respect and reverence. The simple and unadorned story of the wanderings and sufferings of the missionary explorer in the wilds of Africa possesses a stronger fascination than the most skilfully-devised romance. More than thirty of the most active years of the life of Livingstone were spent in Africa. Going to that country at the early age of twenty-seven to engage in missionary work, for nine years he mingled with the native tribes, acquiring their language, teaching, and making such explorations as were incidental to his labors. At the end of that time, fired with the desire of opening up the mysteries of that almost unknown country, he set out upon a journey of exploration, the particular aim being the discovery of Lake Ngami. He succeeded, and collected, besides, a vast amount of scientific and geographical information which was entirely new. In 1852, having sent his family to England, he started on another journey of exploration, being absent four years, and traversing in that time over eleven thousand miles. On his return he published his first book, in which he detailed his discoveries. He paid a short visit to England, where he was received with open arms by scholars and scientific men, and every honor was accorded him. In 1858 he began his third voyage of exploration, accompanied by his wife, who died on the way. He returned in 1868, but immediately set out with a more extended plan in view. For more than four years nothing was heard from him except in the way of rumors. Then letters came, long delayed, detailing his plans, followed by a silence of two years. In 1871 he was found at Ujiji, alive and well, by Henry M. Stanley, who had been sent in search of him by the New York Herald. He joined Stanley, who had been given a carte blanche for explorations, and was with him until he died, May 1, 1873, at Ilala, in Central Africa. The present volume is an intensely interesting account of these several journeys compiled from the most authentic sources, the chief being Livingstone's own descriptions and journals.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW. By Margaret Sidney. Ill. Boston : D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Of all the books for juvenile readers which crowd the counters of the dealers this season, not one possesses so many of those peculiar qualities which go to make up a perfect story as this charming work. It tells the story of a happy family, the members of which, from the mother to the youngest child, are bound together in a common bond of love. Although poor, and obliged to plan and scrimp and pinch to live from day to day, they make the little brown house which holds them a genuine paradise. To be sure the younger ones grumble occasionally at having nothing but potatoes and bread six days in the week, but that can hardly be regarded as a defect either of character or disposition. Some of the home-scenes in which these little Peppers are the actors are capitally described, and make the reader long to take part in them. The description of the baking of the birthday cake by the children during the absence of the mother ; the celebration of the first Christmas, and the experiences of the family with the measles are portions of the book which will be thoroughly enjoyed. A good deal of ingenuity is displayed by the author in bringing the little Peppers out of their poverty and giving them a start in life. The whole change is made to turn on the freak of the youngest of the cluster, the three-year old Phronsie, who insisted on sending a gingerbread boy to a rich old man who was spending the summer at the village hotel. The old gentleman after laughing himself sick at the ridiculous character of the present, called to see her, and is so taken with the whole family that he insists upon carrying the eldest girl home with him to be educated. How she went, and what she did, and how the rest of the family finally followed her, with the rather unlooked-for discovery of relationship at the close, make up the substance of a dozen or more interesting chapters. It ought, for the lesson it teaches, to be put into the hands of every boy and girl in the country. It is very fully and finely illustrated and bound in elegant form, and it will find prominent place among the higher class of juvenile presentation books the coming holiday season.



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